

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
Publishers

THE Add-a-pearl NECKLACE



When baby hands grow up

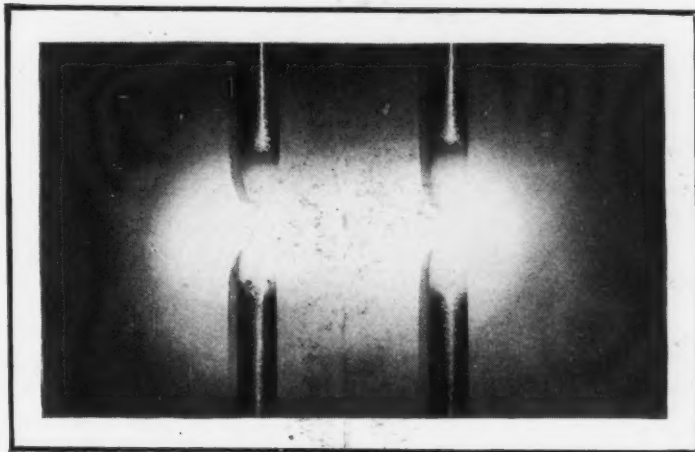
FROM the time the dimpled hands of a baby girl reach for the box holding her ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE until she grows into beautiful young womanhood, this gift is treasured above all others. Five or more perfect pearls on a fine gold chain starts the necklace. On birthdays and all gift occasions, additional pearls are given by family and friends. Genuine oriental pearls of the finest lustre and quality only, are used in an ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE. Additional pearls, attractively mounted on cards, are of the same exquisite coloring and quality. This is the ADD-A-PEARL idea. As the baby girl grows, so her ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE, "the gift that lives and grows," becomes more valuable each year. With young womanhood comes the joy of possessing the completed string of genuine oriental pearls as slender, graceful hands clasp together the lovely ADD-A-PEARLS.

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CHICAGO

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NECKLACE
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this year. Be
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The Truth About Artificial Sunlight

What you may expect from the carbon arc reproduction of the sun's rays

NATURAL sunlight contains many kinds of rays and all are essential to mankind.

It contains the ultra-violet rays which are invisible. It contains also the visible rays and the infra-red rays which cannot be seen but are felt as heat.

Light that is unnatural in its composition, particularly if it contains abnormal amounts of ultra-violet, may prove dangerous, and should never be used except under a doctor's supervision. A number of diseases are cured rapidly by light treatments, but not all; light is not a cure-all. In certain conditions it may be harmful. If you are sick, do not court the dangers of self-diagnosis, but see your doctor.

But the vast majority of us are healthy and may use sunshine freely, both real and artificial. You can preserve your health, and gain vigor, by bathing your body in artificial sunshine.

Real artificial sunshine as produced in a carbon arc lamp has all the essential rays of sunlight, each in its proper proportion. Reporting on its tests of

the light from such a lamp, the U. S. Bureau of Standards stated: "Of all the artificial illuminants tested it is the nearest approach to sunlight."

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Eveready Sunshine Carbons bring sunshine indoors. Every arc lamp in which they are burned is a miniature sun to be turned on or off at the touch of a switch.

Carbon arc lamps and Eveready Sunshine Carbons are sold by medical supply houses and some electric light companies. If you have difficulty in finding them, write to us and we will send you a list of reputable manufacturers from whom they may be obtained. Write for this list today to National Carbon Co., Inc., Cleveland, O. Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation.





How JIMMY BEAVER rescued the PRINCESS

EVERY day when Jimmy Beaver was swimming around in the river he used to stop on a little island. Now on this island was a black prison, with heavy wooden bars covering the windows. And in this prison was a beautiful golden Princess.

One day the Princess spoke to Jimmy, who never, never thought he would receive such an honor. "What an interesting fellow you are, Jimmy", she said. "I watch you often, and like to see you cutting down branches and small trees with those powerful teeth of yours". (You know, Jimmy's teeth are awfully strong, because he chews lots of crisp foods.) "Jimmy", said the Princess, "why don't you cut down these bars that hold me in, and let me out of this dreadful prison?"

Jimmy Helps the Princess

Jimmy was delighted to think he could aid the golden Princess. "I'll be glad to help you", he said joyfully. Then he called some of his beaver friends, and they proceeded to gnaw right through the prison bars, making plenty of room for the Princess to get out.

With a sweet smile, and a pat on the head, the Princess thanked the kindly beavers. Then the beavers made a raft out of tree branches, and the Princess stepped on it, while Jimmy and his friends swam beside the raft, and pushed it across the river. So that's how the golden Princess escaped from the island.

A good thing it was for the Princess that Jimmy Beaver had such strong, fine teeth.

And a good thing it is for you to have

strong, fine teeth, too. For when your teeth are strong and healthy, you can eat the good things you like so well.

Help your teeth be good teeth!

If you clean your teeth, as Mother tells you—and if you eat plenty of crisp, nourishing foods, like Jimmy Beaver does—you can keep your teeth strong and healthy.

Grape-Nuts is a nice, crisp food that you'll like to chew well, as you should do to keep your teeth in good condition. And Grape-Nuts is awfully, awfully good to eat. Lots of girls and boys like it better than most anything else.

You ask your mother to get you some Grape-Nuts, and then have it for breakfast. Grape-Nuts is so good, you'll certainly like it!

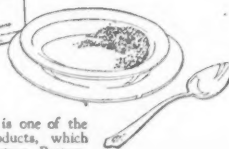
Mothers: Good teeth play an important part in the health of your child's body. Dental authorities stress the value of proper chewing to keep the teeth firm

and healthy. They commend Grape-Nuts highly for this purpose.

Grape-Nuts contributes to the body iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, producing heat and energy; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts provides a delicious and splendidly balanced ration. It is made of wheat and malted barley, and baked by a special process which makes it easily digestible. Truly—a great food! Get a package from your grocer, and serve it to the family.

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We would like to send you the booklet "Long Life to your Children's Teeth," along with two individual packages of Grape-Nuts—enough for two breakfasts. This booklet will give you many instructive facts about the proper care for teeth.



Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate.

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★★★—C. L.—10-26

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Volume VII
Number X

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY

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BOB and BETTY IN GOBLINLAND

JUST across the borderline of Dame Nature's territory Bob and Betty found Goblinland.

"But I'm afraid of Goblins, Bob, let's go back!"

"Oh, pshaw, Betty, they won't harm you. It will be great fun to watch them!"

And indeed it was fun to watch them. But the Goblins were so busy getting ready for Hallowe'en that they set Bob and Betty right to work cutting out pumpkin faces and collecting black cats and owls. They were so helpful that the Goblin Chief gave them his favorite pumpkin-face pattern for a souvenir and made them promise to come back again next year.

Why don't *you* make some Hallowe'en masks? It's very easy when you use CRAYOLA Wax Crayons—and it's fun too. You can buy a box of CRAYOLA at any stationery or drug store if you haven't it at home—just ask for "CRAYOLA in the yellow and green box".



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best men and women

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The Children's Hour

THE mother's part is in laying the ground work of character. The mental attitude of the child at the time he enters school is a matter of vital importance. It cannot be over-estimated. His health, both physical and mental, must be developed, and the earlier in the child life that this beginning is made the better for the child.

Kindergarten Grade

Edited by LUCY WHELOCK
Head of the Wheelock School for Kindergartners

Put all possible joy into children's lives and they will the more readily grow strong in mind and body.

The KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN'S HOUR is provided precisely for this purpose—to help mothers train their children in that vastly important period which precedes the years spent in school. A group of the foremost experts in the country has been secured to prepare the KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN'S HOUR, on the right lines to accomplish this purpose.

If you adopt this principle in your home and use the opportunity that is now offered by the KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN'S HOUR, your children, when they go to school, will be more teachable, more obedient, more attentive, less inclined to mischief, better in health, manners and morals, and superior in every way.

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BOSTON



WITH FATHER

I TOOK a walk with father
Out in the woods to-day.
He knows the names of all the trees
And where the squirrels stay.
He let me look into their house
Inside of the big tree,
We gathered nuts for them to keep
And they left some for me.
My father knows what kinds of stones
I made into a stack;
And when the birds sing calls to him
He always whistles back.
I'd rather walk with father
And have him tell me things
About the woods and what we see
Than ride the horse with wings.

Frederick Stedman





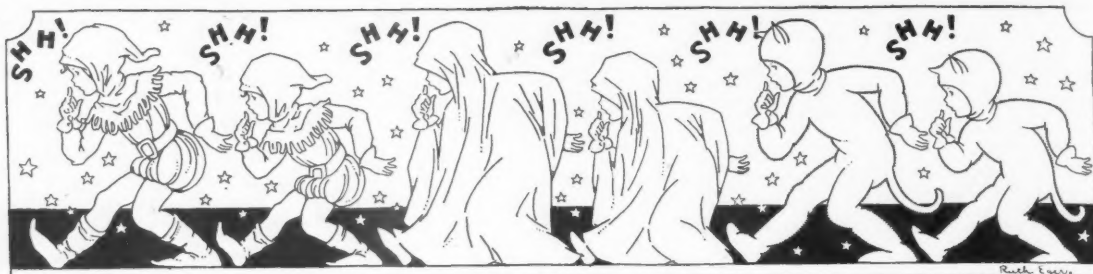
DOROTHY
HENDERSON

SPLINTER

CARL SANDBURG

THE voice of the last cricket
across the first frost
is one kind of good-by.
It is so thin a splinter of singing.





SHADOWS ON THE MOON

By DIXIE WILLSON

Author of "Pinkie Pup," "Empty Elephant," "Clown Town," etc.

The play takes place in the October Corner of Weefle Wood. Pin all the branches of colored leaves you can find, to screens, which can stand along any wall you want them to. Put brown crocks full of red berry branches and goldenrod, and sumac on the floor, and sprinkle the floor all over with brown and red and yellow leaves. On one side is a big arm-chair, covered with the most beautiful robe or curtain you can find. A silk or gold pillow would look very lovely, either in the chair, or beside it. You do not need any curtain unless you want one.

CHARACTERS

OCTOBER, QUEEN OF THE FALL. Some one tall, with golden hair. She may wear any dress that seems beautiful enough, and the prettiest colored leaves you can find may be pinned all over it. She should carry a tall staff with an orange bow of ribbon on it, and on her head is a gold crown.

MR. OWL. He wears a gray cambric suit, long trousers, a brown vest, a swallowtail coat, and a cap like a baby bonnet, to fit all over his head, with two stuffed ears. He wears a pair of big-eyed spectacles made of black wire (no glass in the eyes, of course), and he carries a little hand bag with a dozen more pairs in it, the eyes all different sizes.

TALL GHOST. Some one big and tall in white ghost clothes.

SMALL GHOST. Some one little and small in white ghost clothes.

TALL GOBLIN. Some one big and tall in a green goblin suit.

SMALL GOBLIN. Some one little and small in a green goblin suit.

BIG KIT. Some one big and tall in a black kitten suit (ears and tail, of course).

SMALL KIT. Some one little and small in a black kit suit (ears and tail, of course).

WITCH OF MIDNIGHT. A brown witch, with a high hat and broomstick.

And all wear white cotton gloves, excepting the Queen, Mr. Owl, and the next four who are—**CYNTHIA SUE** and **MERELDA.** Little long-ago girls, wearing white pantalets, poke bonnets and sashes. Cynthia has real curls, and two false ones pinned in the edge of her bonnet with the real ones. You will find out why as the play goes on.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER. He wears a suit and vest and a derby hat that are probably his father's, as they are much too big for him.

(When it is the very moment to start the play, **TALL GOBLIN** comes in from the left, taking long sneaky steps in time to his own words.)

TALL GOBLIN: Sh!—Sh!—Sh!—Sh!
Sh—sh—sh—sh—sh—sh—sh—sh.

[As he says the last long "sh-sh-sh-sh," he faces the audience, and puts a pointed finger to his lips, then out to the audience, as far as his arm can reach. And that is how he stands, with his finger pointing, until the next five people who come are in line, all pointing their fingers, too. Now comes **SMALL GOBLIN**, doing just as **TALL GOBLIN** did, and standing in line beside him.]

SMALL GOBLIN:
Sh!—Sh!—
—Sh!—Sh!
Sh—sh—sh—sh—
—sh—sh—sh—sh.



[TALL GHOST, SMALL GHOST, TALL KIT, and SMALL KIT all come on the stage from the left exactly the same way and stand in the line TALL GOBLIN started. Now they are all in line, facing the audience, each with a finger pointing. The next two words they say with hollow, moaning, shivery voices, their eyes very big, their faces very solemn. On the first word, each puts his right foot forward with a good stamp. On the second word, each opens his whole hand and points with all his fingers instead of only one. Beginning with the word, "dare," they say the next four lines in low scary voices, all the words in one tone, and in the same measured rhythm that your feet make when you count "left—right—left—right—"]

GOBLINS, GHOSTS, and KITS: You—oo—oo—
oo—oo—oo. Who—oo—oo—oo—oo—oo. Dare
—come out—on—Halloween night— Are—going
to have—a terr-i-ble fright! Your—shins will shake
—your bones will quake— Your ears—will shiver—
your knees—will quiver— The Goblins *snatch!*
[*The GOBLINS snatch at the air.*] The Ghosts will
bow—ow—ow. [*The GHOSTS bow several times, wav-*
ing their arms spookily.] The Kits will cry me—
ow—w—wow—

[The KITS put back their heads and howl. On the last of "meow," they all sit down, and then standing behind them, straddling her broomstick, is the WITCH OF MIDNIGHT, who has come on the stage behind the others, so no one has seen her till now. She speaks very slowly, humped over her broomstick.]

THE WITCH OF MIDNIGHT: The
witches will ride in the
light of the moon, with a
spell in their scarable, ter-
rible tune!

EVERYBODY ALL AT
ONCE (*as scary as
they can*): OO—OO
—OO—OO—OO—OO
—OO—!

SMALL GOBLIN
(*little piping voice*):
The Goblin's 'll git
you! [*He leans
forward with both
his hands on the
floor.*]

TALL GHOST
(*big hollow voice*):
The Ghosts will—
follow—you! [*He
raises both arms in
the air.*]

BOTH THE KITS (*singsong voices*): Black cats—
bad luck! [*They wag their heads from side to side.*]

WITCH OF MIDNIGHT (*shrill voice*): Witchery—hitchery—main—and might— I'll worry and flurry your hair till it's white! [*She gets off her broomstick and taps it three times on the floor.*]

EVERYBODY ALL AT ONCE (*scary voices*): OO—
OO—OO—OO—OO—OO—OO—OO— [And then they all
laugh as hard as they can.]

[Those who are sitting down all fall over each other from laughing. MR. OWL enters from the left with quick little steps, carrying his grip. He puts it down, and stands leaning against the throne, one foot crossed over the other, looking at everyone on the stage. He speaks very crisply.]

MR OWL: What's what? What's going on here? Who's who? [*He puts up one finger.*] Ah, yes! I know! You're going out to scare everybody! Ghosts to "boo"! Witch to cast spells! You're rogues and rowdies! You shouldn't be allowed anywhere at all! You should be shut up to "boo" and "shoo" and "pooh" at yourselves! And leave honest folks alone, *that's* what! If *I* were October, I'd have no rowdies like you spoiling everybody's Halloween fun with spells and groans and shaking and quaking. *I'd* soon put you where—

[And just then OCTOBER, QUEEN OF THE FALL, comes in from the right. She is very beautiful—smiling—carrying her long staff. Instantly every one on the stage, excepting MR. OWL, gets on one knee, facing the throne, where OCTOBER seats herself. When she is seated, they all, but MR. OWL, sit cross-legged on the floor, like tailors, facing her.

QUEEN (to MR. OWL): What are you telling them?

MR. OWL: I was telling them they should not be allowed out in the world on Halloween! They're terrible examples for everybody! Not one of them knows a single P or Q about good behavior! They're a crowd of rogues and rowdies! That's *that*! And I know what I'm talking about!

[He takes off the middle-sized glasses he has on, puts them in his grip and brings out a pair with larger eyes, which he puts on, and surveys the seven on the floor.]

MR. OWL: Yes, I was right the first time. They're a crowd of rogues! I can see it at a glance. *(Speaks to the Queen)*. Why, good honest people are afraid to go out on Halloween night because of these things. *[He points to the group on the floor.]* with their spells and yells and moans and

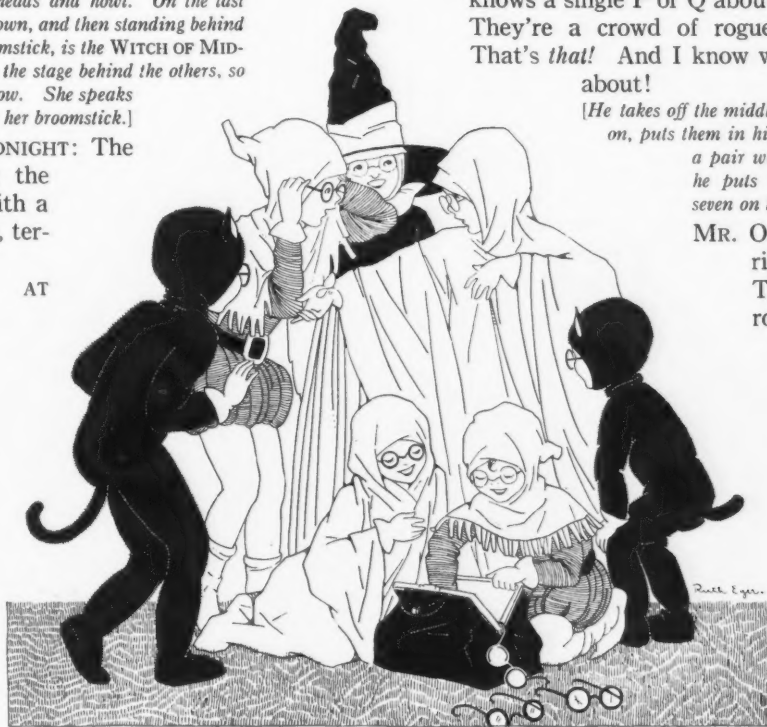
groans and shakes and quakes! Something should be done about it! Something certainly should!

QUEEN: They tell me they're not going to frighten people any more or spoil any more clothes, or break windows or push holes in chimneys, and set bad examples. They tell me they're going to be good!

MR. OWL: Just the same they're a lot of rogues and rowdies!

[He takes off the pair of glasses he has on, puts them in the grip, and brings out a still larger pair to put on and look through again at the GHOSTS, GOBLINS, KITS and the WITCH.]

MR. OWL: Rogues and rowdies! I was certainly right the first time! Something ought to be done





about it!

QUEEN: Something's going to be done about it! I'm going to try them just once more, to-night. If they're rowdies to-night, they'll never, never, never play out on Halloween again! [She speaks to MR. OWL.] Have you had your evening tea?

MR. OWL: I've had some, of course, but never enough. By all means, let's have more!

[He helps the QUEEN up from the throne. Everyone else stands up.]

QUEEN (to GHOSTS, GOBLINS, KITS and WITCH): Now remember to-night is your very last chance to prove you can be good!

[MR. OWL bows very low as OCTOBER, the QUEEN, passes him. As she leaves the stage on the right, he follows, picking up her train, and carrying it with a strutting air, his head very high.]

WITCH OF MIDNIGHT (with a great sigh): So to-night—we have to be good!

THE TWO GHOSTS (shaking heads sadly): Have to be good!

THE TWO GOBLINS (very sad voices): To be good!

THE TWO KITS (whimpering and wiping their eyes): Be good!

TALL GHOST (big voice): Oh, how I love to scare people till their hair turns white!

SMALL GHOST (little voice): So do I!

TALL GOBLIN (taking a big long step and making a big long snatch): How I love to pull their hair till they cry!

SMALL GOBLIN (taking a little step and a little snatch): So do I!

WITCH OF MIDNIGHT (shrill voice): How I love to sweep the glass out of windows and prowl in yards!

THE TWO KITS (who suddenly start playing "Bean Porridge Hot"): So do I! So do I! Anything that's naughty, So do I!

[The SMALL GOBLIN has been looking around, and now he brings out MR. OWL's grip.]

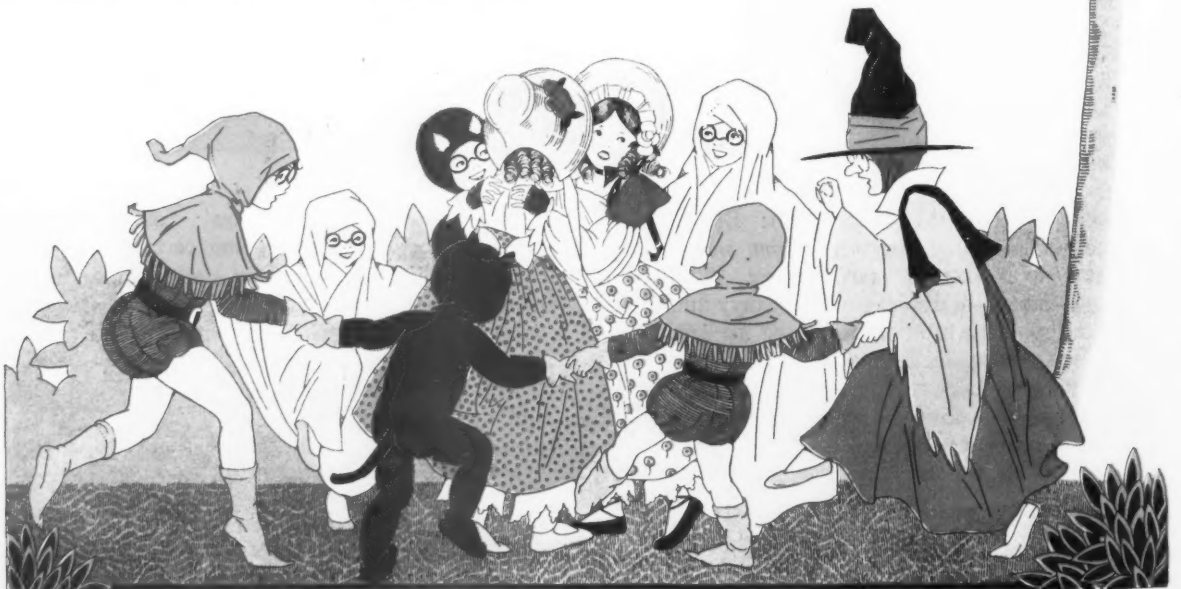
SMALL GOBLIN: What's this? [He looks inside.] Well! Well! [He brings out a pair of glasses and offers them to the TALL GHOST.] Have a glasses. [The TALL GHOST puts them on. SMALL GOBLIN takes out another pair for himself and puts them on. He takes out other pairs and offers them all around.] Help yourselves. Take your choice while they last!

[Everybody puts on a pair of glasses, all different sizes. They leave the grip in plain sight on the floor.]

TALL GOBLIN: Now this is what I call a wise crowd! We'll set out for the world in style!

WITCH OF MIDNIGHT: Sh! Somebody's coming!

[In a second everyone on the stage is hiding, the GHOSTS behind the throne, the GOBLINS flat against the leaves, the KITS and the WITCH behind the bushes and flowers, and then CYNTHIA SUE and MERELDA come in from the left,



looking around, wondering where they are.]

CYNTHIA SUE: I don't know where we are. Do you?

MERELDA: I haven't the least idea!

CYNTHIA SUE: I don't know how we ever happened to get so far away from home!

MERELDA: Neither do I! But when the stars come out, I can tell the way back as quick as anything, by the big dipper.

[The GHOSTS and GOBLINS and KITS and the WITCH have been coming close around the two little girls, beginning a very low sound that has gotten louder and louder—a scary “oo-oo-oo-oo-oo” till now the little girls see them!]

CYNTHIA SUE and MERELDA: Oh! Oh! Oh!

[They throw their arms around each other as the GHOSTS and GOBLINS, KITS and the WITCH make a circle around them, picking at them, poking them, pulling their dresses. The TALL GOBLIN stamps on CYNTHIA'S foot and laughs when she begins to cry.]

TALL GHOST (pulling out one of her curls—one of the false ones): Here's something for somebody. Who's got some scissors?

[The BIG KIT pulls scissors out of his pocket and

cuts off two curls and he and SMALL KIT play mustache, strutting back and forth, the others laughing. TALL GOBLIN pushes CYNTHIA'S bonnet one-sided. SMALL GOBLIN gets some mud which has been left by the bushes on purpose, and slaps it on MERELDA'S dress and face. All the time they are making scary noises—laughing and teasing every way they can. Then the seven of them stand in a circle around the little girls, point fingers at them, lean toward them, and all say in scary voices, moving their fingers up and down.]

GHOSTS, GOBLINS, KITS and WITCH: You—oo—oo—oo—oo—Who—oo—oo—oo—oo—oo— [Then they join hands and go around in a circle in time to the words they say, while the girls cling to each other in fright.] Dare—come out—on Halloween night, are going to have—a terrible—fright— Your shins will shake—your bones will quake— Your ears will shiver—your knees will quiver—OO—oo—oo—oo—oo—oo—oo!

[They start the last line at the bottom of the scale and their voices get higher and higher. Then suddenly CYNTHIA and MERELDA break through the circle and run with little screams off the stage, to the left, with all the others pell-mell after them! When the stage is empty, MR. OWL comes on from the right with quick, worried steps.]

MR. OWL: Dear me! Dear me! Where could I have left my glasses? Now where did I leave 'm? Did I leave 'm! Did I leave 'm! [He continues to say, “Did I leave 'm,” as he hurries around the stage, looking everywhere, excepting right in plain sight where they are! Then suddenly from off-stage to the left he hears the GHOSTS saying, “oo-oo-oo-oo,” the others laughing. He stops still, looks left in the direction of the voices—puts his hands to his eyes like

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RATNA SINGH

THE COW GOLDEN HORN

By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

Author of "Gayneck," "Kari the Elephant,"
"A Son of Mother India Answers,"



HER real name was the Cow of Plenty. But after she was sold to Rajah the King, she came to be known as the royal cow Golden Horn.

She was bought for the royal stable from her master Krishaka, a farmer, because she was beautiful, wise and fearless. It is said that Krishaka was paid with her weight in silver by Rajah. Not only that. In order to show how he loved her, the King had her horns covered with gold. After that had been done, he had set on the tips of her horns gems that shone like stars. That is how she came to be called Golden Horn.

Because everybody knew how wise and unusual she was, the whole kingdom allowed Golden Horn to go wherever she pleased, and eat whatever fodder she chose. That, indeed, was great honor.

Not a person in the royal household ever worried if Golden Horn did not come home at sundown. She could spend the night in the jungle full of tigers if she wanted to. Her fearless heart and wise head protected her everywhere.

Soon Golden Horn gave birth to a baby bull. He was named Ratna Singh or Jewel Horn. The reason they called him Jewel Horn, though he had no horns yet, was that after his birth for months his mother gave more milk than any ten cows put together.

Rajah, her owner, said, "Her son has brought us plenty of milk. Behold, she pours it like a stream of jewels into the bucket. Let us call her calf Jewel Horn."

Apart from giving floods of milk, Golden Horn had to do her duties of a mother. As soon as his horns had sprouted a little, she took Jewel Horn with her to many strange pastures in order to educate him.

She said, "You must go to school. My boy, I am your mother. I must teach you all I know. We cows are not like human beings who hire teachers; we have to educate our own children by ourselves.

"First of all, learn to think clearly. Always keep calm. And whenever you face an enemy,

don't fear him. Remember that.

"I want you to learn the ways of men and beasts. You should know what befriends and what harms us. You should sharpen your wits. Strengthen your heart. And exercise your body."

"But mother," questioned Jewel Horn, "in order to succeed in fighting, all that I have to do is to use my horns."

"Not altogether," answered his mother. "You must use your brains, then your horns. If you use only horns, you may not succeed."

Thus conversing one day, they trotted off in the direction of the tiger-infested jungle. It was late afternoon. The wild animals were still sleepy. Those that were awake were stretching themselves in their dens. Black panthers sharpened their claws on the trees on which they had slept all day. Large leopards whined as they woke. Far off a sher (tiger) grunted as he leaped out of his lair. Darkness fell softly into the jungle.

When she noticed that the dusk was coming, Golden Horn said, "Come, Jewel, let us start homeward. It is getting late."

Slowly they sauntered back. But awhile after their backs had been turned to the deep forest resounding with the yell of wolves, the roar of tigers and the trumpeting of elephants, Golden Horn felt that some beast was following them. She whispered, "Go slowly, my son. The calmer you are, the less anyone can frighten you. Don't be frightened. He who is frightened by any animal is killed by the same."

"And you, Mother, do you feel afraid?" questioned Jewel Horn.

"No, though I hear some fearful sounds," she answered.

"Look, Mother, what is that purple, black, now orange patch in the high grass before us—"

Golden Horn hissed at him, "Hush! Stop. Stand still." Hardly had she warned him when with a roar a tiger landed ten feet from where she had stood.

"Grr-rr," he roared again. A shock ran through both the cows. But clever Golden Horn stepped



SHER

forward as if she was not at all disturbed. Stamping her hoofs on the ground she scolded the tiger, "Who are you? How dare you interrupt our evening walk?"

"Interrupt who, what?" growled the tiger in bewilderment. For he had never seen such horns on a cow nor heard such speech.

"Do you not know I am Golden Horn, the King's cow? I am the Cow of Plenty. I am walking with my son, Jewel Horn, a hero of the first water. Please be good enough to jump away from our path. We are on our way home to the King."

"Not a bit of it," growled the tiger. "Cow of Plenty, are you? Good. You will be plenty to eat!"

"How dare you insult my mother?" shouted Jewel Horn. "If you talk like that again, I will gore you, though my horns are only three inches long."

That speech from a mere calf puzzled the tiger more.

"Just a minute, Mr. Tiger," pleaded Golden Horn. "Forgive the rudeness of my son. He does not know who you are." Then, putting her mouth to her son's ear, she whispered, "The moment I bellow three times, attack him. Put your horns into his stomach. Leave me to do the rest." Then, quietly turning to the sinister beast whose stripes were like shining steel in the light of the risen moon, Golden Horn said, "O Sir, why destroy me, the Cow of Plenty? My horns are of gold. On their tips I wear diamonds. If you bite off those pieces of gold and diamond, you can sell them to a goldsmith.

Then with the money you will be able to buy many cows. That will give you something to eat for many days."

"That is a good idea," chimed in the striped beast.

"Besides," continued Golden Horn, "the King will have my horns capped again with gold."

"Capital idea," shouted the tiger with joy. "Then again I will take the gold from your horns and buy some more cows to eat. Thus you will be mine own Cow of Plenty. What a name! Cow of Plenty!"

"If that pleases you," said Golden Horn.

"Now," said the tiger, "how can I get the gold off your horns?"

"That is easy. Come forward. I will lower my head. Then bite off the tips with your teeth while I hold my head steady. Do be kind enough not to wrench my horns too hard, won't you?" she begged.

"Of course—anything to oblige such a good cow." Saying that, Mr. Tiger advanced at her lowered head. . . . Though he was bewildered by the strangeness of all this and his heart was full of strange fears, yet he moved on very slowly. Step by step, he came on. The earth seemed to tremble under his weight. At last he stopped. It seemed to Golden Horn that an hour passed before he opened his mouth and closed his teeth slowly on the tip of one of her horns.

That instant she bellowed three times like three thunder claps, deafening his ears and almost freezing his muscles. At the same moment a sharp something pierced the roof of his mouth and his

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LEAFING DAY

By JANET P. SHAW

IF THERE was one holiday which Joseph and Priscilla

Harris liked better than the others, it was the one called "leafing day," that delightful time in the autumn when all the colonial boys and girls went out to the woods to gather leaves to use in the ovens during the winter when their mothers baked delicious loaves of bread and flaky, golden-brown pies.

And, indeed, it was a very important day for all who liked good, wholesome things to eat. You know at that time everybody in the colonies used what they called "Dutch ovens." These were nothing but big boxes of stone built into the wall of the chimney and could be heated only by being filled with hot coals from the fireplace. When the ovens were very hot, the coals were raked out, and then, as the walls were apt to be smoky, they were lined with shiny green leaves to make them all neat and clean. And last of all, the pretty, light loaves of bread and fragrant pies and puddings were placed on the leaves and left to bubble and bake until they were all brown and delicious and ready to be eaten.

All summer, of course, the leaves for the Dutch oven were cut fresh for every baking. But, when winter came and the trees were bare, then dried leaves had to be used, and every housewife had to have bundles and bundles of leaves stored away some place for the winter's baking. And that was the reason for "leafing day."

Ever since Joseph and Priscilla could remember they had gone on "leafing day" picnics, and they loved them dearly. But when the war came, and General Washington and his brave men were fighting for the very life of the new nation, and no one knew what might happen from day to day, such jolly good times seemed almost impossible even to think of. But, fortunately for the boys and girls, the mothers of the village found that they needed more leaves than usual during war times, for most of them were baking bread for the soldiers as well as for their own families.

And that's how it happened that one day in late autumn, when the leaves were broad and green and shiny from all the scrubblings which they had received during the fall showers, Joseph and Priscilla heard their teacher say, "If you all have your lessons perfectly this morning, you may spend the afternoon gathering leaves in the woods for your mothers."

"Leafing day!" whispered the children to each other happily. Then, when they had clapped and clapped their hands, they all began to study very hard. And you may be sure they were as good as they could be the rest of that morning, and they all worked so hard and learned so fast, that by noon every lesson was learned better than usual.

And, in almost less time than it takes to tell about it, every child in the whole village was on his way to the woods where the best leaves were to be found. If you had seen those jolly crowds going up hill and down dale, and hadn't heard that it was "leafing day," you might have thought that the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" had happened along the road and was leading the way to his magical cave once more.

Although the children did not know it, a great many important things were happening that beautiful "leafing day."

General Washington's headquarters at that time were located a few miles south of the village, and he was waiting there with his small, poorly equipped army, hoping to avoid a battle with the English troops until reinforcements arrived.

And, on this very day, the English, who had a camp several miles north, decided to attack the



little American army, take General Washington and his brave men captives, and, if possible, end the war—and the new nation!

Last of all, as the village lay half between the two armies, the English planned to capture that first and thus prevent the inhabitants from sending word to Washington about their plans. And so, not long after the leaf-gatherers went gaily toward the woods, the English soldiers marched into their beloved village from the other direction and made prisoners of everybody that they could find! What they thought of a village without a child in it—I don't know!

As I said before, the children didn't know anything about all this. And, worse still, General Washington didn't know about the plans of the English either, and they might easily have succeeded, if a brave boy and girl, Joseph and Priscilla Harris, had not found them out in time and carried the news to the General.

All afternoon Joseph and Priscilla had a delightful time with the other children, cutting great branches from the trees, trimming them down, and tying them in bundles which could be carried in their arms, or balanced on their heads, or fastened on their backs, or tied on some place.

And, when at last, they were ready to go home and were walking down the road, you could hardly believe they were children, unless you saw their bright eyes peeping out through the leaves. They looked exactly like some new kind of dwarf trees, out taking an airing, perhaps, before the winter winds robbed them of their pretty green dresses and shut them up in their stiff black trunks.

About sunset, the other children said good-bye and hurried home; and, of course, were immediately shut up with their mothers by the English soldiers. But Joseph and Priscilla loitered along the road until it was pretty late, for they knew that their mother had left that morning to make a visit in another town and would not be home for several days. Their house, too, was in a lonely place, half a mile from the village, and of course they expected to find it dark and deserted.

But, when they reached the yard, to their surprise, they found every window lighted! A great fire, also, had been built in the fireplace, and sparks were flying from the big chimney, like balls from a Roman candle, sprinkling the yard with ashes.

"Somebody's started too big a fire," said Joseph anxiously, as he caught sight of the house.

"Oh, dear, maybe Mother's come home from her visit and will be worried because we're so late," cried Priscilla, a little frightened.

"Not much hope of that," answered Joseph, who was a little ahead. "Look, the yard is full of horses—that means soldiers. But, friends or enemies, I can't tell which. Let's creep up to the house and find out. Hold your bundles of leaves in front of your face and if anybody comes near, just stand still where you are. I'm sure we'll be safe. They'll think we're bushes—or Christmas trees, perhaps."

Priscilla giggled a little at that and forgot to be afraid as she crept along behind Joseph until they were near enough to see the men inside the house.

"They're British!" cried Joseph as he caught sight of their red coats. "What do you suppose they're doing here? I wish I could find out. The men outdoors are, of course, only common soldiers and they wouldn't know. But the leaders are probably talking over their plans in the room there by the fire."

"Perhaps we can find out what they are saying if we creep around to the back of the house," suggested Priscilla. "You know Father built an extra door to the Dutch oven there to make it easier to rake out the ashes. If you climb into the oven, you can hear everything that is said in the room."

"Hooray!" cried Joseph softly. "You're a bright girl to think of a plan like that. I'd forgotten all about the outside door to the oven." And he began to move quietly toward the house with Priscilla close behind him.

A minute later, however, their plans almost came to grief. It was so dark under the trees that it was hard to



see where they were going, and all of a sudden Priscilla found herself held fast. She had brushed the body of a sleeping soldier without knowing it. The man rolled over and caught hold of her, but when he found that he had only a handful of leaves for his trouble, he probably thought he had rolled into a bush in his sleep, for he soon let her go, and went to sleep again. After that, they were more careful and soon reached the back of the house.

Both Joseph and Priscilla had often hidden in the old oven when they were playing hide-and-seek and they knew just how to manage. And so, a minute later, when Joseph had taken off his bundles of leaves and piled them into a shelter under which Priscilla could keep watch, he crept carefully into the oven.

Fortunately for him, there were air holes in the oven door through which the steam from the cooking could escape into the room, and through these he could both see and hear all that was going on in the room. It did not take him very long to find out something important, I guess, for in about ten minutes he slipped out of the oven and breathing very hard he whispered excitedly to Priscilla.

"Oh, Prissy, they're planning to surprise the Americans at daybreak. The advance guard is already watching their camp fires from Wilson's Hill so that they can't escape. These men are waiting for a large body of soldiers to join them to-night and then they will creep up on our men and destroy the whole army if they can. Washington and his little army won't have a chance unless they are warned beforehand. I'll have to borrow Zack Brown's old plow horse and ride as fast as I can to the camp to tell them about the plans of the British. But I don't know what to do about you," he added with a worried air.

"Oh, I'll be all right," answered Priscilla bravely, though she felt very small and lonely when she thought of her brother riding away into the darkness and of the men, whose voices she could hear through

the open oven door. Then a plan came to her and she looked at the oven again. "Why can't I stay in the Dutch oven," she asked "while you are gone? No one will think of looking for a girl in there."

"That's the best place to hide I can think of," answered Joseph slowly, "but I don't like to leave you. You know I wouldn't if I wasn't sure you would be safe."

"Course not," whispered Priscilla, as he hurried away. Then she put a bundle of leaves in the oven for

a pillow and climbed in after it and, like the wise girl she was, she soon went sound asleep!

Exactly what happened that night the British soldiers never found out. The sentries on Wilson's Hill kept watch all night. And Washington's camp fires burned as brightly as usual and a few lights were to be seen in the tents and sentry boxes. But when the British made the attack at daybreak, not a gun answered them in the camp and not an American soldier could be found! The place was as empty as a toy village.

When the soldiers went cautiously from tent to tent, they found the fires heaped high with

ashes and the candles were ringed round with melted wax as if they had burned all night long. Who had tended the fires and kept the candles burning, they could not discover, for there was no one in the camp to ask. Half a mile down the road, however, they came upon a sleepy boy with his head pillowed on a big bundle of crumpled leaves and a tired old plow-horse grazing not far away. But of course, neither of them could tell them anything about the escape of the Americans.

"Humph!" said the disappointed British commander as he led his men back to their camp. "I thought I surely had the Americans in my power at last. But there's no use trying to outwit that man, Washington. He has spies every place."

Of course Joseph was not able to tell General Washington how he had learned of the plans of the British, when he gave him the warning. But a few

(Continued on page 626)





CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS



Chip's chums decided to go a-nutting in the woods. Ted, climbing out on the branches, gave them a shakedown.



"I'm the nuttiest one!" boasted Dick, holding up the biggest bagful. But just then a stray goat butted-in to the party.



Ted laughed so over Dick's downfall that he shook himself off the branch and onto the surprised Billy-goat's back.



Did that get his goat? Well, at any rate they whizzed through the woods then, disregarding all laws against speeding.



Till Billy dampened Ted's pleasure—and his pants—by landing him in the creek. They all giggled then and agreed he'd put the butt into their butternut party!



A SPOOK-AND-GOBLIN PARTY

By JEAN WALDEN

Whether you're a Spook or Goblin
 Jack-o'-lantern, witch, or cat,
 Come to my house and you'll find
 "Welcome" written on the mat!
 The date's October 31st
 The time is 2 o'clock.
 We'll have such fun on Halloween
 It will echo round the block!

HALLOWEEN! Can't you just imagine little Spooks and Goblins stealing noiselessly about? Black cats too (with yellow eyes, mind you!) seem to be doing everything in their power to make Halloween as spooky as possible!

In fact, we might cut out about twelve of these same black cats (using heavy paper folded double) and write our own invitations to a Halloween party on the inside, using the above rhyme.

The first game should be one which will "mix everybody up." The boys and girls are asked to sit in a circle on the floor with the exception of one who is chosen to be a Spook. A pillowcase is put over her head. Each child in turn must imitate a cat's meow, while the spook tries to guess who the "catty" person is.

When he succeeds, his place is taken by the cat whose name he has guessed.

No Halloween party is complete without an apple game. A stout cord may be stretched across a doorway with apples

suspended from it. Each player, with arms clasped behind his back, is given three chances to "bite"—but alas! The apples are suspended upon rubber bands, making the biting well-nigh impossible!

A large cat may be cut out of black paper (eyes, nose and mouth also) and tacked to the wall. A paper tail is given every player who attempts to pin it in the right place while blindfolded. The successful player may be given a toy cat.

A novel way in which all the boys and girls may be directed to the dining table, is by means of the old spider-web game. Have as many long strings as there are players. This game is most successful when there are not more than twelve playing it. Attach one end of each string to a door knob, and have a prize horn, or some other noise maker, fastened to the other end. Each player is then given a string from the door knob and an empty spool on which to wind it.

She then proceeds on her way, unwinding the string from around table legs, chairs, etc., until she finally "winds up" in the dining room where her prize is concealed inside the pumpkin Jack-o'-lantern which forms



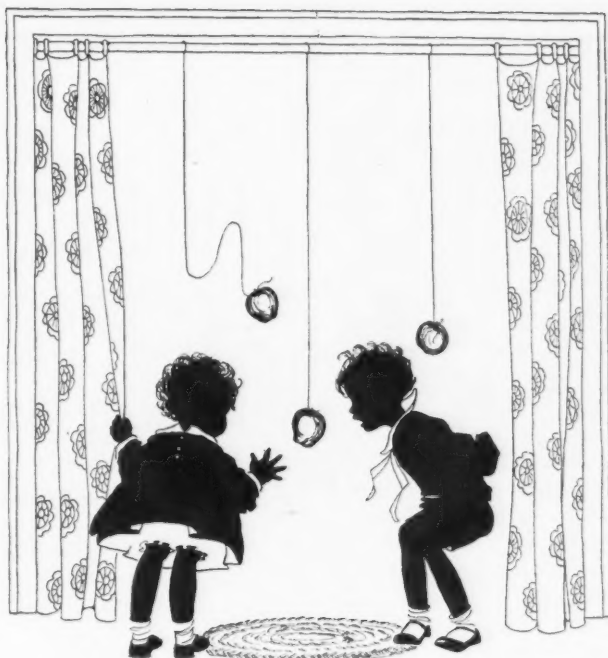
the centerpiece for the table. This "Jack" is lighted by means of a flash light.

If there are too many boys and girls to have the spider web, the noise makers may be concealed within the "Jack" and attached to orange-colored ribbons which extend outward to each child's place at table.

The table is decorated with paper doilies representing black cats, placed over orange crepe paper. Pumpkin doilies are also effective over a bare table. The dining room should be darkened as much as possible, two tall orange candles at either end of the table, and the glowing Jack-o'-lantern in the center being the only lights necessary. If Mother does not think it too expensive, tiny flash lights at each place make fine favors.

A napkin holder, which also serves as a place card, is made by cutting a Jack-o'-lantern face out of heavy orange paper folded double. By slipping a white napkin between the two faces, the cut-out eyes, nose, and grinning mouth will show.

To make the table even more festive, place a flying witch upon the rim of every tumbler. Merely wrap a clothespin in an oblong strip of black tissue or crepe paper, tie about the "waist" a long, trailing



ribbon of paper, place a tiny cone-shaped cap on her head, and behold! You have a witch, riding towards the moon!

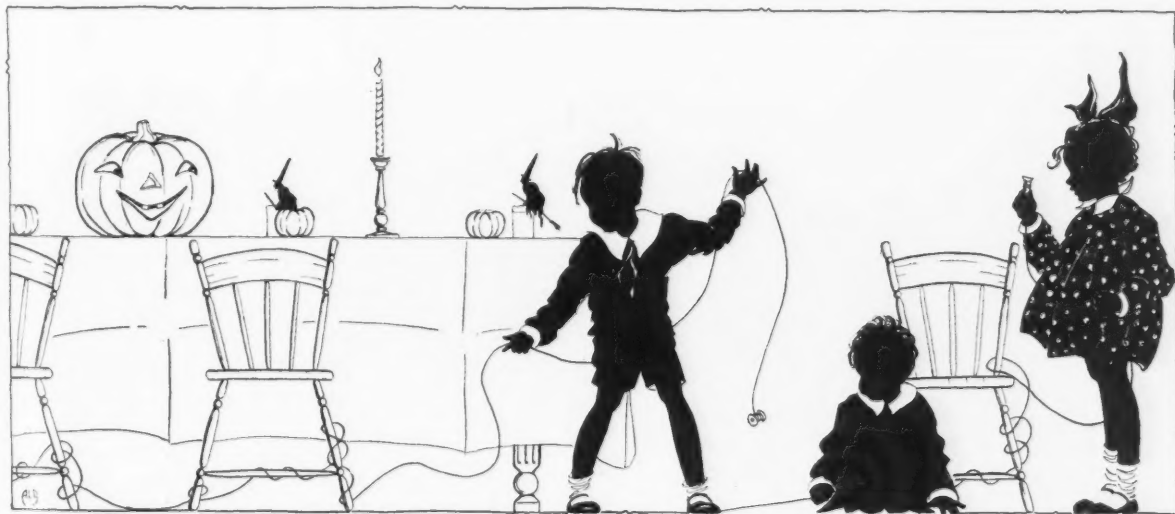
A few chicken, jelly, and lettuce sandwiches (when wrapped in waxed paper and packed into tiny pasteboard pumpkins) will taste just twice as good as usual!

Plain vanilla ice cream, cut in thick slices, and covered with a very dark chocolate sauce, will help to carry out the color scheme. Or oranges may be scooped out, and filled with orange ice.

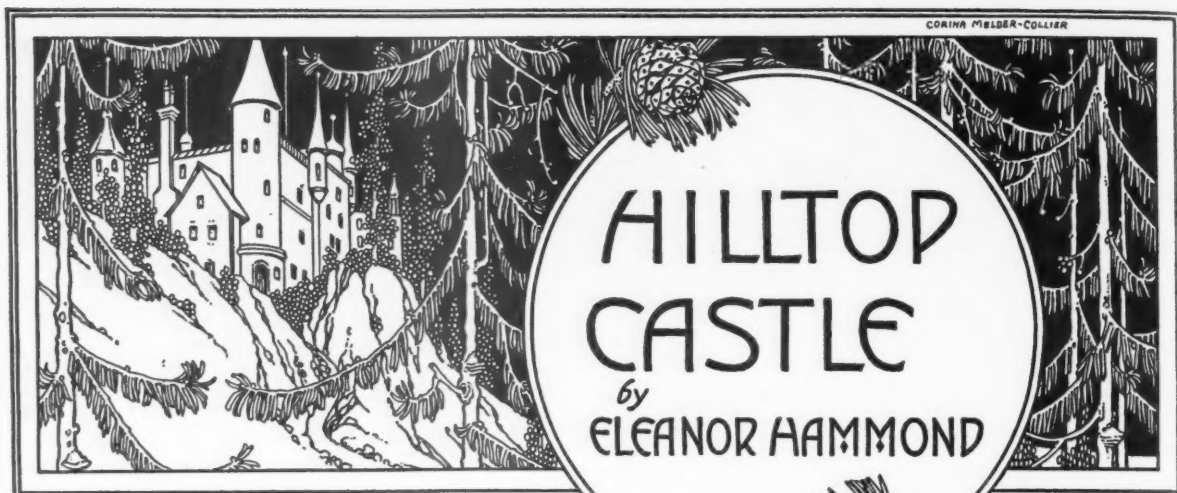
You'll love Jack-o'-lantern cookies! These are just round cookies covered with orange frosting, and made to look like Jack-o'-lanterns by using small black licorice drops for eyes and nose. Reserve about five of these candies (leaving a space between each one) for the grinning mouth of our most jovial King—King Jack, of Halloween!

Before your guests go home it would be fun if you should have each guest go into a gypsy den to seek his fortune. These can be written out beforehand on orange paper, rolled into little scrolls and tied with narrow black ribbon.

Be sure to have a lighted Jack-o'-lantern grinning a gay farewell to your guests, as they start for home.



The Children's Party Packet, which contains 12 invitations and envelopes, 12 Pumpkin Place-Markers and Napkin-Holders, and the "Cat Tail" game, will be sent you complete for \$1.00. Address Child Life Party Service, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago.



WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Georgina and her cousins, John and Joie Harcourt, discover a strange old house built like a castle on the hill above the boys' home. They think it deserted but find the tower has an old man living in it. They run away in a fright when he opens his door and Georgina drops her watch, which she values because it has her dead mother's picture in the cover. When the children return to find the watch they make friends with the old man of the tower, and he returns the watch to Georgina, but she finds the picture is gone from the back. They are invited to visit "Uncle George," as he has them call him, again and the little girl asks about the picture. Uncle George does not answer her. Georgina's visit to her jolly cousins is soon to end and she will then have to go back to busy Aunt Maggie's, where she is not nearly so happy as in Westport with Joie and John for companions.

PART FIVE

STRANGE HAPPENINGS AT THE CASTLE

THE dinner party in the tower proved only the first of many good times there. Uncle George proved a truly delightful friend. He was full of amusing ideas and was always preparing

surprises and outings for the three. He never seemed to be too busy to talk or read with his visitors and, since John and Joie's mother made no objection to their repeated visits to the castle, the children went there often.

Uncle George's library had a delightful number of adventure stories on its shelves and there never was a place like the castle for playing hide-and-seek. Even the cats learned to enter into the game.

It was Snowball who led Joie up into the attic one day. Somehow the children had never noticed the little stairway at the opposite end of the hall from the tower stair, or, perhaps the door to the attic stair had always been closed before. Joie had no thought in mind but to hide from Georgina, who was "It." But when he looked round him, he gave a cry of surprise. The attic was not empty like most of the castle. It was piled high with fine old furniture.

"Enough to furnish the whole castle!" Joie surmised. "I'll go and call Georgina and show her the place!"

Forgetting the game of hide-and-seek, Joie ran down the attic stairs and shouted to his brother and Georgina. "I've found the most exciting place in the castle to explore!" he told them.

"How jolly! My, I'm glad Uncle George said we could go anywhere we wanted in the castle!" Georgina cried, as she discovered a toy piano that would play real tunes among the dusty furniture.

Joie longed to start the tall grandfather clock to working and John





discovered a little table with an inlaid top in the form of an ebony and ivory checkerboard.

"I'd certainly like to play checkers on that!" he said admiringly.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful,"

Georgina clasped her hands, "if Uncle George would put all these things back in their places! Wouldn't you give anything to see the castle the way it used to be once upon a time?"

It was Georgina who discovered the little mother-of-pearl chest. It was too big for an ordinary jewelry box. "I wonder what's in it!" Georgina cried.

Unlike most of the trunks and chests in the attic, the box was locked.

"Oh dear! I just must have a peek inside!" the little girl said.

"I saw a bunch of keys hanging over by the door," Joie told her. "I suppose it would be all right to try them—Uncle George gave us permission to play anywhere we liked and he never minds when we look at his books and things."

A little cry from Georgina made both the boys turn. "I've got it open!" she told them delightedly. "It was a spring lock and flew up when I touched that little heart-shaped knob!"

They crowded round the little chest to examine the contents. It was full of an odd assortment of things—a little doll, a half-finished bit of embroidery, a few letters tied with a bit of cord, the picture of a little girl with a shock of dark hair and big dark eyes, in a silver frame.

Georgina's eyes opened wide as she looked at it. "I think I've seen that picture before!" She wrinkled her dark little brows.

"It looks like

some of those funny old pictures in the album at home!" Joie said.

"The dress is sort of like the one mother has on in her little girl picture—only she had light-colored curls and this little girl has short dark hair."

But just then another cry from Georgina made them look at the little round thing she had picked up from the bottom of the box.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "It's the picture out of the back of my watch—the lost one!"

"Uncle George must have taken it—and kept it here!" Joie's eyes opened wide and he ran his hand through his sandy hair.

"I don't believe he meant us to see it!" John said seriously. "I think he didn't mean anyone to look in that box—I think that box is his secret—and I think we ought to keep it for him!"

"But I'd like to ask him what it all means!" Georgina said.

However, the children had no opportunity to ask their friend anything that afternoon. When they had closed the little mother-of-pearl chest and put it carefully back in its place, they ran back to the tower. But only kind Mrs Tucker was about.

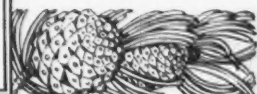
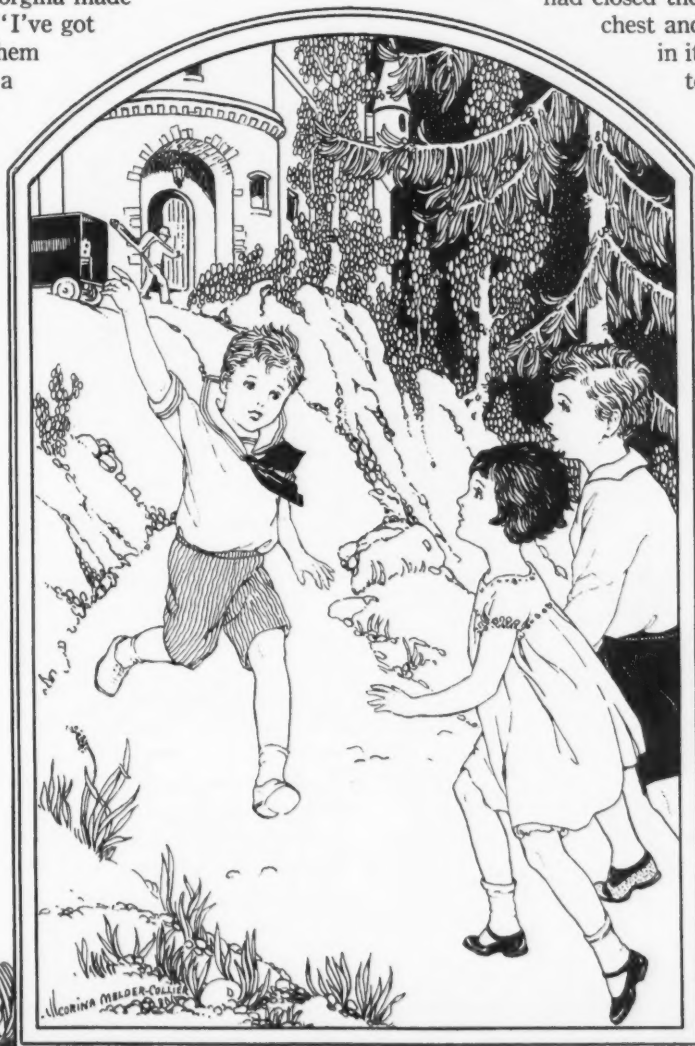
"Uncle George thought you'd run home!" she told them, "and he's gone into the city!"

She gave them a handful of her crisp sugar cookies apiece and they started down the hill toward home.

"I wish we knew just what it all means!" Joie said, as they walked along. "I wonder if Uncle George would mind telling us!"

That question was still uppermost in the children's minds when they climbed the hill to the castle

[Continued on page 622]



SON of the DESERT

By EUNICE TIETJENS



Author of "Profiles from China," "Body and Raiment," "Jake," etc.

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Abdul Aziz, an Arab boy living in Tunisia in North Africa, journeyed southward to make his home with Si Maroc, his grandfather and the Ouled ben Idress, the Bedouin tribe of his mother Kadija's people. With the Son of Satan, a funny stray donkey, he began a fascinating new life, riding the rocking camels, driving the sheep and making new friends. One day the donkey strayed away from camp, jammed its forefeet between two sharp rocks and could not pull them out again. Abdul Aziz, after several days' search, rescued him and brought him back to camp, and his mother's friend, Youssef, gave him the pet for his very own. Then a new and surprising adventure befell him. Mounting the Son of Satan and driving Youssefs' six camels farther away than usual, he fell in with four Bedouin robbers who seized his camels. Then, rather than leave Abdul Aziz to spread the alarm, they decided to take him with them.

The leader spoke up quickly. "Go forward with the camels quietly and all will be well. But make us trouble and—" he tapped the pistol on his belt meaningly.

The boy's heart began to beat again in great throbs that shook him painfully. But he had no choice. "I will go!" was all he said.

CHAPTER IV

THE robber Bedouins urged their mounts and the captured camels of Youssef forward at a smart pace, turning towards the southeast. With them, since he could not help it, rode Abdul Aziz on the Son of Satan.

The boy's heart was like a hot stone in him, and his head buzzed like a whole hive of bees. But he went silently, making no further protest.

Very soon they reached the stretch of higher ground and here, looking down ahead of him, the boy saw a great while glittering plain, with edges like a lake, and smooth as a floor. It stretched away to the far horizon. The boy looked inquiringly at the man who had taken his part, whom the others had called Mahmoud, and he answered the unspoken question.

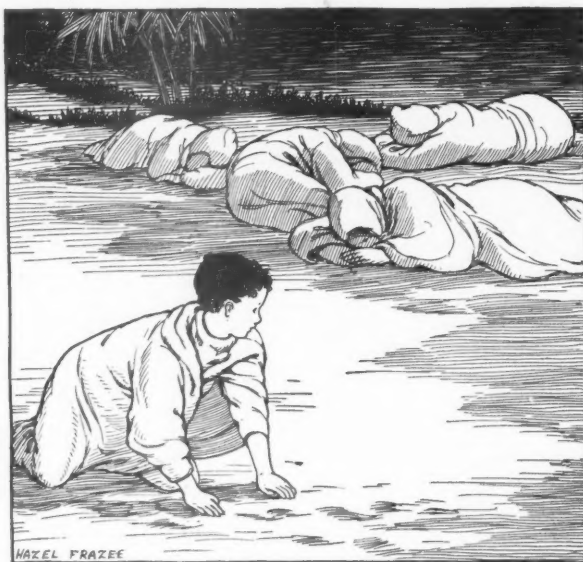
"Salt!" he said tersely.

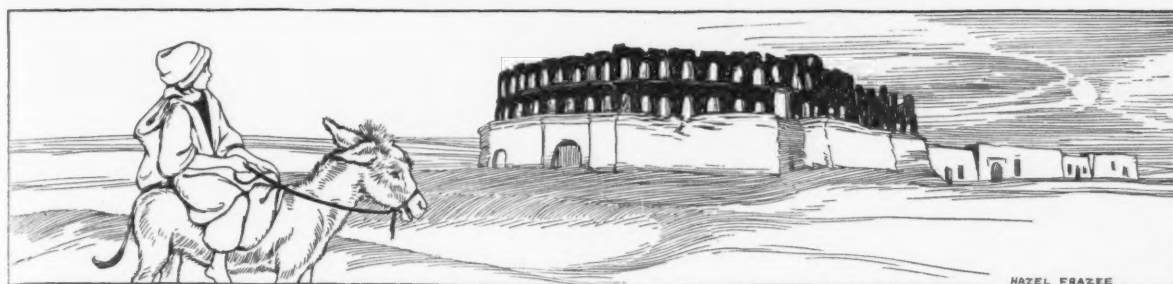
It was indeed the dry bed of a great salt lake from which the fierce sun had sucked up all the water. When they had come upon it the boy saw that the white glitter was caused by a thick coating of hard salt. On it the feet of the Son of Satan made a crackling noise. Once, when they had dismounted for a moment, he broke a piece of this crust and found it two or three inches thick.

Over this level ground they made good time and by nightfall had covered many a weary mile. Towards the last the little donkey lagged painfully, in spite of all the boy's urging, and when they finally stopped for the night, still on the featureless salt plain, the boy took his skin bag of water and gave the last drops to his pet, who looked at him gratefully out of tired eyes.

At the place where the Bedouins had stopped some dried camel's dung lay on the salty ground. Of this they made a little fire and brewed

themselves some tea. Mahmoud gave the boy a drink of this and a handful of dates. Then they hobbled the camels, tying their front legs together, wrapped themselves in their bournouses, and lay down to sleep. But before doing so one of the men went to the boy and tied him securely with a rope. Poor Abdul Aziz submitted quietly enough but he was almost choking with rage. When all was still the boy tried furiously to free himself. But the ropes were too firmly tied. And after a while, overcome by a great weariness, he also slept, under the wide and quiet stars that take no count of human good or evil.





The next morning the men waked before dawn and, after eating a few dates, set off as before. Abdul Aziz, stiff and sore as he was, climbed on one of Youssef's camels, knowing his weight too much for the little donkey on such a long journey. And the donkey, free now of his burden, went more easily.

So another day passed, and another night. The second day was as the first, save that in the afternoon they passed the edge of the salt lake and camped more comfortably beside a well, where they all drank their fill. The country here was gently rolling and once in a while they passed a spot of green where a house stood and a few bushes grew. Here, too, there were roads, and now and again people passed them. But his captors spoke to no one and the boy dared make no sign.

On the second morning the boy saw not far away a huge gaunt structure of gray stone which reared great ruined arches into the sky. He looked at it in amazement. In this open country it rose almost like a small mountain, a mountain made by man, and long since abandoned. Abdul Aziz had seen near his home small crumbling ruins which, his father explained, had been left by a race of Roumis—they were really the ancient Romans—who had once ruled this country centuries before. The boy now guessed that here was a greater ruin of the same sort, and he wished to go closer and look at it.

But his captors passed close beside it and went on. Yet for hours, as they went, the boy could look back from the tops of little rises and see the gaunt arches against the horizon. He counted it

a landmark, and he determined to explore it if ever he could get back.

This day the Bedouins traveled more slowly. Evidently their fear of pursuit had lessened with time. They seemed in a better humor and even the fierce leader with the scarred face jested once or twice.

Now, too, the boy had formed a plan of escape and towards evening he acted on it. For several hours he complained bitterly of weariness—till the leader told him harshly to keep quiet. And when they stopped beside a trickle of water he slid heavily from his camel, fell in a sprawling heap and lay still, feigning the sleep of utter exhaustion. Mahmoud, who was kinder than the others, shook him gently to give him dates and water, but he made no sign. The Bedouins then left him and made their fire. Before they slept the leader came to the motionless figure and turned it over roughly with his foot. Still Abdul Aziz did not move. Only he gave a deep sigh. One of the men then bound him as he had done the two nights before. But this time he was careless, thinking the boy



too tired to move.

When all was quiet Abdul Aziz began slowly, moving as quietly as a hunting animal, to free himself from his bonds. It was slow work and painful, for even in his carelessness the Bedouin had made the knots firmly. But this time it was possible. After what seemed to the boy an eternity he got one hand free. The rest was easier, and at last it was accomplished.

Still the boy did not rise, but lay taking stock of

[Continued on page 627]

COMING SOON IN CHILD LIFE

CORNELIA MEIGS "The Little Dog Star."

A pioneer Thanksgiving story by the author of "The Trade Wind," a \$2,000 prize story for boys and girls.

JOHN FARRAR "The Love of Books."

An informal, stimulating book chat for your parents to share with one of America's leading critics and the author of that delightful volume, "Songs for Parents."

EUNICE TIETJENS "Son of the Desert."

An outstanding poet, who loves to travel with her own children in far-off lands, continues her story of a little Arab's strange adventures in a north African desert.

NANCY BYRD TURNER "A Long-Ago Thanksgiving."

A well-known writer for boys and girls contributes a tale of quiet charm with a primitive American flavor.

HENRY B. MASON "The Airedale Pup and the Lion Cubs."

Another entertaining nonsense story by the author of that delightful book, "Letters of Uncle Henry."

DIXIE WILLSON "Santa Takes a Rest."

A jolly Christmas play—by the popular author of "Empty Elephant," "Clown Town," and "Little Texas."

HENRY PURMORT EAMES, "Paderewski, Prince of Pianists and Patriots."

One of America's most brilliant pianists, lecturers and educators, contributes this inspiring and intimate story of his friend and teacher, Ignace Paderewski.

MARY NEWLIN ROBERTS "John Millais and the French Soldiers."

A vivid tale of a great painter's boyhood by a frequent contributor to "Child Life."

DAVID NEWELL Second Wild Animal Contest.

An artist-naturalist, a noted adventurer and lover of wild life, contributes another stimulating contest. With his friend, Kermit Roosevelt, we, too, say, "We who know and love the outdoors are greatly indebted to him for sharing his experiences with us."

PATTEN BEARD "The Rumble Seat and Billy."

Another exciting adventure story about Billy—by the author of "Billy and the Bag."

FRANCES CAVANAH An Absorbing New Serial

about the adventures of the popular Patty and Patsy and Jimmy of Belden Place.

HARRIET EGER DAVIS "Freddy Goldfish."

A well-known writer for boys and girls contributes an entertaining story for our younger readers.

ELLA YOUNG "The Unicorn with Silver Shoes."

Another enchanting story by the famous author of "Celtic Wonder Tales" and "The Wonder-Smith and His Son."

JOSEPHINE PHILLIPS "Sky-Fallen Peace."

An absorbing tale of a frontier Christmas by the author of "The Parrot Swan."

But ROSABELLE'S dress wasn't ruined, after all!



EM'LY and Tina were whispering excitedly on the playroom shelf of their new home. Em'ly had heard that their Toy Shop friends were planning a football game for this very night, with a team from a rival shop. Every doll in town would be there to see the fun.

"And we'll be there, too!" Em'ly assured Tina. "As soon as Little Girl is asleep."

But just then their new owner ran in. "Come along to bed with me, Tina," she said.

How disappointed Tina was! And Em'ly, too!

So Em'ly went alone. When she arrived at the football game she found that her friends, the Toy Shop Team, were winning. Rosabelle was referee. And just as Em'ly called, "Hurrah for the Toy Shop!" the football hit Rosabelle's white dress and smudged it dreadfully.

"Oh, dear!" cried the newest Toy Shop doll, a boyish-looking creature, "Rosabelle's dress is ruined. Now she'll never be sold!"

Em'ly laughed. "Don't you know?" she said to the newest doll. "Everyone in the Toy Shop keeps clean with Fels-Naptha Soap! Why, even the clothes of the Toy Shop Team will be fresh as new, after they're washed with Fels-Naptha! And no hard rubbing, either," she added. "Wait and see—Fels-Naptha will make Rosabelle's dress as pretty as ever, in no time!" And sure enough, Em'ly was right!

(Next month, the dolls have a Thanksgiving party—just wait!) © Fels & Co.

To Mothers

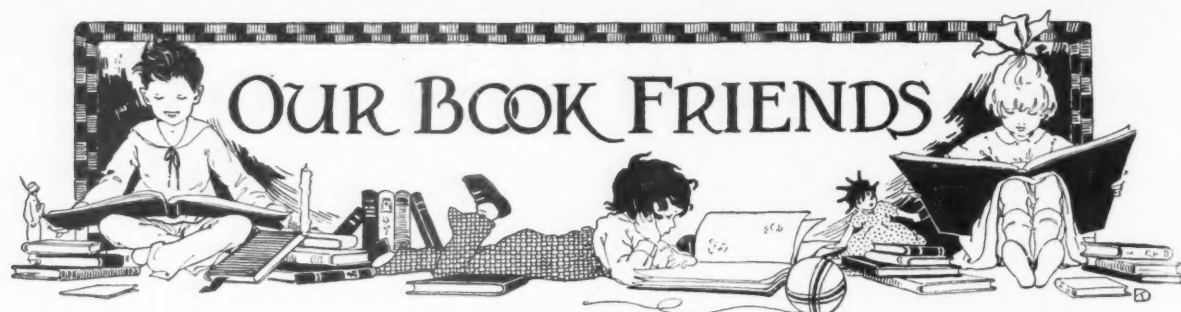
Children's clothes—in fact, the whole family wash—need the extra help Fels-Naptha brings. Plenty of naptha, the dirt-loosener, and good golden soap, the dirt-remover, are combined in one clean-smelling bar. Working together, they make even stubborn dirt disappear with less work and effort on your part.

Use Fels-Naptha any way you like—in machine or tub, hot or cool water, or when you boil or soak clothes. It's good for household cleaning too!—and it's gentle to the hands. Get Fels-Naptha from your grocer today.

FELS & COMPANY,
Philadelphia, Pa.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



BY AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library
Present Librarian, Hamilton Junior High School, Long Beach, California

ADVENTURES in the dark; silent followers; night riders; firelight in a lonely barn; a whiz and a hail and the departure of a swift phantom—many incidents catch our thoughts as we carve out the pumpkin lanterns and prepare for the night of mystery.

Because there is a sense of the unknown in the air, because more may happen than meets the eye, because our zest for hazardous situations is strong, we turn, first of all, to books which disclose such events. We want plain speaking and the manifestation in writing of all that happened!

Have you thought everything through to the point where you have come to see that a horse may tie up many an adventure? Horses! Think of their speed, their feats of endurance, their exhibitions of superior intelligence! There is more than one story which might be told on Halloween in which a horse has played a great role. Can you think of *Jim Davis* apart from those night riders and Grey-legs? Even the cover of *Prester John* shows Davie Crawford tied to Laputa's saddlebow—his eyes bandaged and a thong run round his right wrist! *Martin Hyde*, *Captain Blood*, *The Tale of Troy*—many a mystery story would suffer, did not a horse assist in the undertaking.

Traveling through history, from the legend of the Wooden Horse, to accounts of chariot races, such as we read about in *Ben Hur*, through the period of the Crusades and the era of knighthood—*The Talisman*, *Ivanhoe*, *King Arthur*—at each point do we find the horse the companion and servant of man.

A boy absorbed in Indians, in Cowboys, in the development of the West, understands the part horses played in the life of the red man and the pioneer. If you, too, like those deep-hearted, long-winded ponies of the western plains you will not miss the tales about them. Will James will delight you with accounts of mustangs and cow ponies; Francis Rolt-Wheeler, Charles Fletcher Lummis, Francis Parkman, Herbert Ravenal Sass, Ernest Thompson Seton will give you other thrills. The Pony Express, Buffalo Bill and those other famous scouts, the prairie schooners, the exploration of our country by Cortez and De Soto—how many, many

events are linked with this faithful friend of man.

It is great fun to think of the people we have known who have had a friend and companion in a horse. First of all there was Clint, the cow-puncher, who brought up *Smoky*; then there was Songbird and her Indian pony, *Star*. Someway I always think of Mr. Cobb, the stage driver who was such a refuge for *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* when storms raged at the Brick House. We could not forget Barkis in *David Copperfield* either. Neither you nor I have lost sight of the day that Barkis offered to spread David's wet handkerchief on the horses' back to dry and, in giving his friendship to a lonesome boy, helped to shorten the long journey to Salem House near London. Of *The Skin Horse*, who was so much loved and who brought happiness to one particular boy, you will want to hear if you do not know the story.

Not a word have we said of that steed who rang *The Bell of Atri*. We haven't mentioned Bayard or Pegasus or Bellerophon. If you do not know that Alexander Hamilton, as a boy, rode through a hurricane on a saddle horse, if you do not know how much Theodore Roosevelt loved horses, if you never heard of George Washington's famous stallion, Gift, if you have never taken that midnight ride with *Paul Revere*—the rest of us realize that there is much in store for you. While you are adjusting yourself to the saddle you will excuse us if we gallop off with our favorite horse on what we know will be a good ride!

HORSES, WILD AND OTHERWISE

Alexander Hamilton	Howard Hicks
The Macmillan Company, New York	
Ben Hur	Low Wallace
Harper & Brothers, New York	
Black Beauty	Anna Sewall
Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc., New York	
Book of Cowboys	Francis Rolt-Wheeler
Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston	
Ben, The Battle Horse	Walter A. Dyer
Henry Holt & Company, New York	
Captain Blood	Rafael Sabatini
Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston	
Cowboys, North and South	Will James
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York	
Famous Scouts	Charles H. L. Johnson
L. C. Page & Company, Boston	

[Continued on page 628]

The clown whose secret many mothers now use

"Marvelous results can be gotten with children by appealing to their sense of play," says the Jolly Jester

Shrieks and gasps of laughter greet him when he clatters onto the school stage—this jolly clown with his load of vegetable dolls. In city after city Wallace Mackay, the Jolly Jester, sends children home with health lessons happily learned. "Mothers can get wonderful results right at home," says Mr. Mackay, "if they'll just make use of the child's love of fun to establish sound habits."

That vitally important habit, for instance, of eating the right sort of breakfast. Nation-wide tests have shown that a child who comes to school without a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast is definitely handicapped in lessons and in games. That is why this rule hangs in 70,000 class rooms:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast!"

Knowing this, mothers are sometimes over-zealous in urging children to eat their Cream of Wheat or other *hot, cooked* cereal.



Recommended by authorities for 32 years

Here are some of the reasons why specialists have long considered Cream of Wheat an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal.

1. Because it is so rich in both physical and mental energy. It is all real food.
2. Because, with every harsh indigestible part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is exceptionally easy to digest.
3. Because its creamy goodness is so easily varied by adding prunes, figs, or dates while cooking.

Give your children the chance to do their best, every day. Start them off regularly with Cream of Wheat for breakfast.

© 1928, C. of W. Co.



"Shoo!" say Charlie Carrot and Minnie Spinach to the coffee pot. And then these vegetable dolls talk to the children. The Jolly Jester, Wallace Mackay, is a recognized authority on children's food habits, always in demand by various school boards

Then there's a breakfast scene most parents recognize. Being told that the nice bowl of cereal is good for them, children's first instinct is to say, "But I don't like my Cream of Wheat," or "I don't like oatmeal," or whatever cereal it is. They'd probably react the same way to a picnic, offered with a moral!

But, just as the Jolly Jester makes a fascinating game of vegetables, so the new methods of child guidance come to your rescue for the *hot, cooked* cereal habit. The minute children

can make a game of eating the right sort of breakfast they'll pass their bowls for more Cream of Wheat.

Now they *can* make it a game, through a plan called the H. C. B. Club. It's a children's club—just the sort of thing that youngsters love. A secret meaning, gold stars, badges and colored wall charts! Everything is sent free, direct to your child.

Such an easy way to be sure your children get the *hot, cooked* cereal they need so much. Send the coupon in today.

FREE — mothers say this plan works wonders

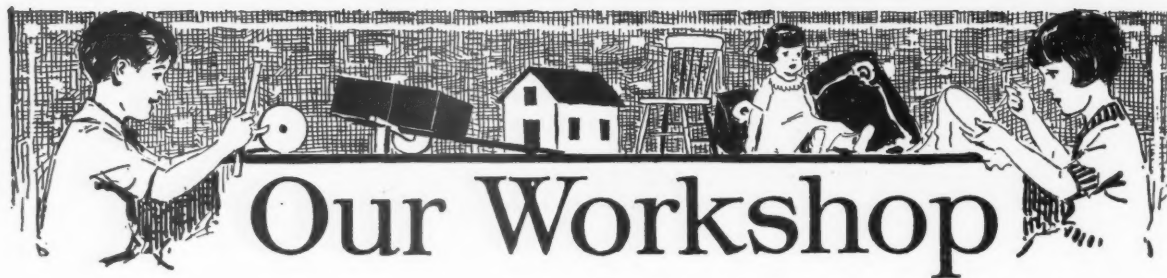
This fascinating H. C. B. Club plan arouses children's enthusiasm for a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. Badges and a secret for members, gold stars and colored wall charts! All material free, sent direct to your children with a sample box of Cream of Wheat. They'll work it out for themselves. 90,000 mothers are finding it brings marvelous results. Send in the coupon.

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS

DEPT. R-16
MINNESOTA

Gentlemen: Please send my child all the free material for the H. C. B. Club as described above.

Child's name
First name Last name
Street City State



EVERY big boy is building model airplanes that fly. You would like to build them, too, I know. But a flying model is not the easiest thing to make, and I am certain that you would not succeed were you to attempt one. Start with a non-flying model. The airplane windmill shown in the illustrations is a dandy. It is an all-weather model. Neither fog nor storm forces it down, and its propeller whirls as long as a breath of air is stirring. Indeed, we might claim the world's non-stop endurance record for this airplane.

You will see by Figure 1 that the airplane windmill is of very simple construction. It may be made simpler yet by omitting braces, window trim, land-

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "Making Things With Tools," "The Boy Craftsman,"
"Homemade Toys for Girls and Boys," etc.

AN AIRPLANE MODEL

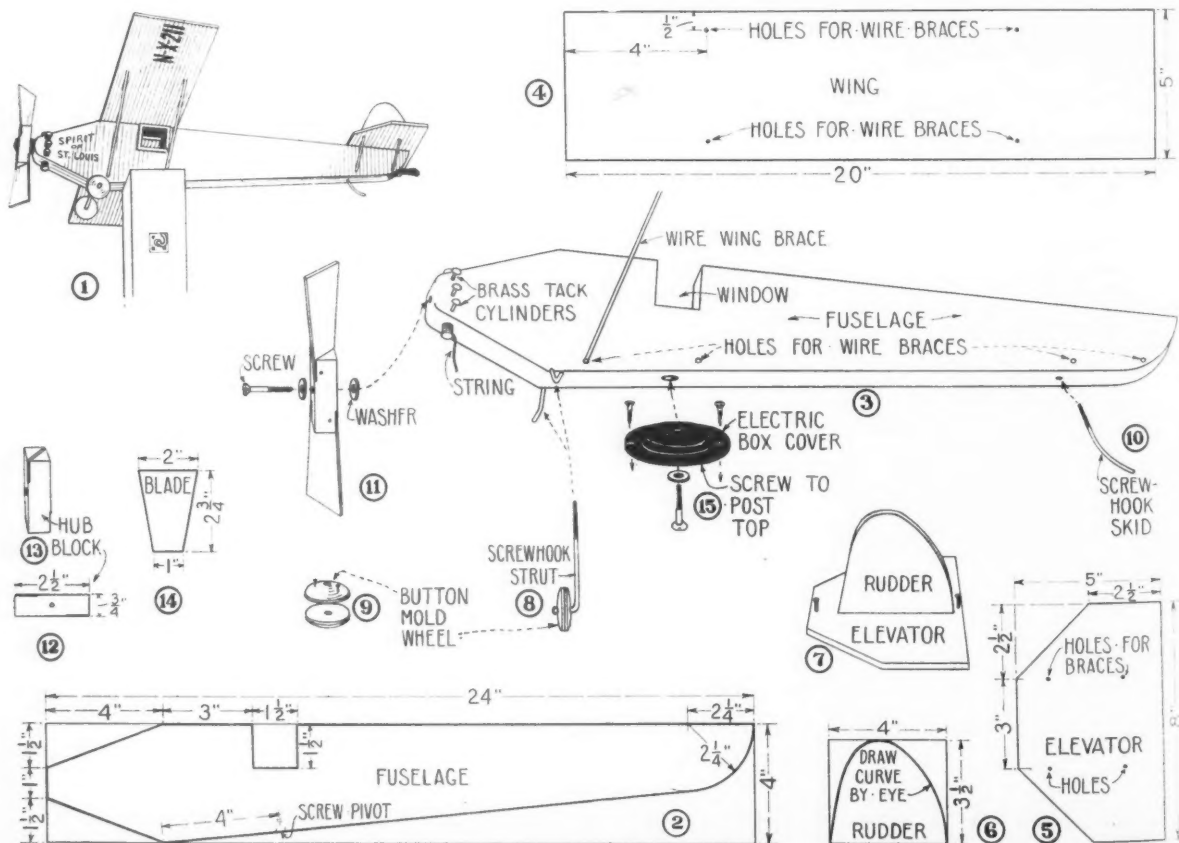
ing wheels and skid, but such details add realism and are easily put on.

The airplane body, called the fuselage, requires a piece of board $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick, 4 inches

wide and 24 inches long. Use pine or other soft wood, so it will be easy to cut. Figure 2 is a pattern. The curved tail forming the lower part of the rudder may be drawn freehand, or drawn around the rim of a cup, if you haven't a compass. Saw out the piece, then smooth the sawed edges with a plane and sandpaper. A coarse file, known as a wood rasp, is a good tool for shaping and smoothing curved edges. Round off the nose, as shown in Figure 3.

Cut the wing (Figure 4) and elevator (Figure 5)

[Continued on page 625]



You'd never guess they'd been ill

Natural gains after whooping cough and "flu" brought them back to health

CHILDHOOD diseases which leave their marks . . . measles, whooping cough, "flu" . . .

Everywhere mothers whose children have suffered these illnesses tell us of a way to quickly bring them back to health.

Plenty of sleep . . . Regular habits . . . And a carefully supervised diet—supplemented by Horlick's Malted Milk—to regain those precious pounds!

"Horlick's," because it contains so many elements essential to child health. Because, in either the natural or chocolate flavor, it is a delicious food-drink which children love.

Just as "Horlick's" is good for children who have been ill, so it is an ideal food for children who are in normal health. It builds up resistance against illness. It gives them a reserve of health.

Why it builds up quickly

By the exclusive Horlick method of manufacture, all the precious elements of fresh, full-cream cow's milk are combined



with malted barley and wheat.

In "Horlick's" the essential minerals and other valuable elements of the whole grain are retained. Also the vitamins which promote growth. Rich in high-energy, easily digested malt sugars (dextrin and maltose), it is quickly turned into rich blood and firm, strong tissue.

Its use by physicians for almost half a century is an endorsement of its superior quality, purity and unvarying reliability.

If you have children who are underweight, try giving them "Horlick's" regularly—at meal

times or as an after-school lunch.

If your children are of normal weight, give them "Horlick's" to fortify them against the energy demands of work and play.

Your children will love its delicious, malty flavor. Buy a package today. Avoid substitutes. Insist upon "Horlick's"—the original and genuine. Prepared in a minute at home. Sold everywhere in hermetically sealed glass jars.

A nourishing, delicious table drink for adults. Induces sound sleep if taken before retiring. An ideal food beverage for invalids, convalescents, nursing mothers, the aged and infirm

AFTER the "flu" last spring, Ruth was thin and tired. We were afraid that she would have to give up her dancing lessons for a time, until some one suggested a regular diet of Horlick's Malted Milk. It worked wonders! In a month Ruth gained 5 pounds. Doesn't she look healthy now?

Mrs. Margaret F. Cowan
7031 Cregier Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



CHESTER, Jr., 4, caught whooping cough; then measles. Six weeks later he looked pale and thin. To build him up, I used Horlick's Malted Milk. In just a month he was back to normal and now weighs three pounds more than before he was ill.

Mrs. C. H. Hefner
435 Washington St., Redwood City, Cal.



THE "flu" left Byron thinner than ever, and a neighbor suggested Horlick's Malted Milk. That was just a few months ago, but he's gained three pounds on "Horlick's" and you never saw a healthier boy!

Mrs. George Bertram
823 44th Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

FREE SAMPLE

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CORP.

Dept. D-13, Racine, Wis.

This coupon is good for one sample of either Horlick's Malted Milk (natural) or Horlick's Chocolate Malted Milk. The Speedy Mixer for quickly mixing a delicious Malted Milk in a glass will also be mailed to you if you enclose 4 cents in stamps to cover postage.



Check sample wanted ☐ Natural ☐ Chocolate

Name

Address

(If you live in Canada, address
2155 Pius IX Ave., Montreal)



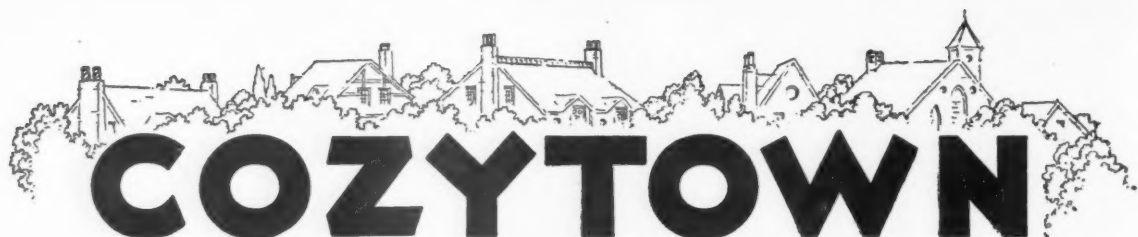
Horlick's, the original Malted Milk, is sold in both natural and chocolate flavors, in powder or tablet form

THE ORIGINAL



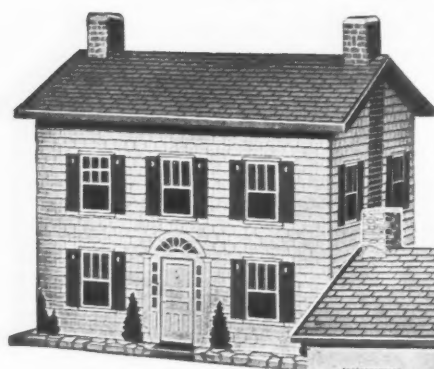
MALTED MILK

HORLICK'S

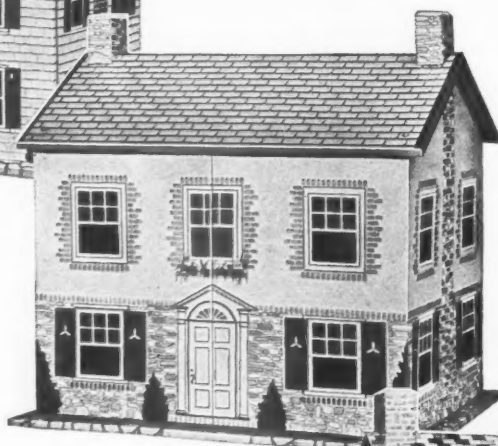


ALL-STEEL DOLL HOUSES

*The newest, most wonderful surprise
in Santa Claus' pack!*



Cozytown Cottage
14" x 10" x 12" — \$9.00
Colonial style, cream-colored shingles, brick chimney, green shutters and green roof.



Cozytown Manor
19" x 14" x 17½" — \$13.50
American style, cream-colored stucco with green shingle roof and varicolored stone work.

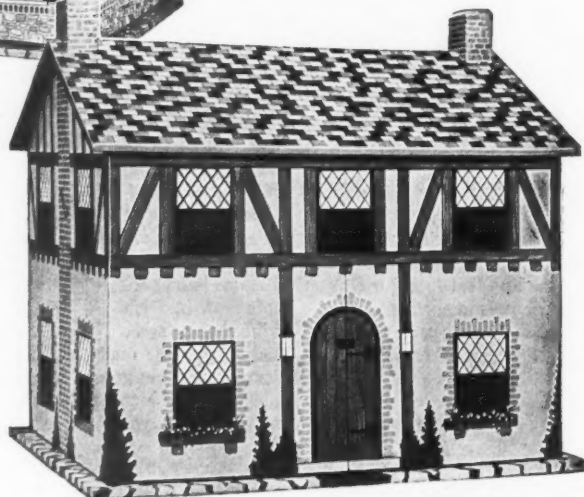
Begin early asking Santa Claus for one of these darling, new doll houses. You can get a little house, a middle-sized house or a big one. They are painted outside in beautiful colors and look just like real grown-up homes—Mother will love them as much as you do. Tell her that they are made of steel and she will know that they will last until you have outgrown your dolls.

You can leave these houses outdoors without hurting them—keep them clean with soap and water. They are fun to play with all year round.

You can decorate each room and get doll furniture for it. But first of all Brother will have to put the house together for you. You cannot hurt yourself, because all edges are carefully rounded. Rubber feet under the house keep it from scratching furniture and floors. If you want your house lighted, there is a separate electric light set which you can ask for from Santa Claus.

Look for Cozytown houses at your toy store today. If it cannot supply you, order from us direct. In the meantime send for "Adventures in Cozytown." In this booklet you will see just how the houses look—the colors in which they are painted—and lots of other interesting things. All you have to do is to send us your name and address written clearly on the coupon on this page.

FRIER STEEL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO.



Cozytown Mansion
24" x 18" x 21" — \$18.50
English style stucco with oak beams, broken brick chimney and multicolored shingle roof.

FRIER STEEL COMPANY Dept. A-10
3306 Washington Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send your free booklet, "Adventures in Cozytown"—to

Name.....

Address.....

COLUMBUS
PUZZLE—
FIND FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

By HELEN HUDSON



RACCOON

By DAVID NEWELL
Author of "Cougars and Cowboys"



WHEN the full moon rises behind the dark trees, and the frogs croak along the marsh, the old 'coon leaves his den in the hollow tree and starts out to look for his supper. (It's really *breakfast* for him, you know, for he sleeps all day!)

Just where he will go first depends on the time of year. In the springtime he likes to amble around in the huckleberry patches or go into a melon field. Later on he has a fine time eating corn, especially if he can find a field close to the swamp. You see, he has to keep a close watch for the farmer's dog, and when he hears a dog bark, he goes lumbering off into the swamp as fast as he can. But he is so fond of roasting ears, that he often becomes quite reckless and will go right up close to the barn to get them!

Regardless of the time of year, 'coons will usually end up by visiting the creeks and marshes. There are such good things to eat along the streams! Of course *you* might not like everything that the 'coon does, but he thinks that frogs are hard to beat, and if he finds a nest of turtle eggs in the sand he will be

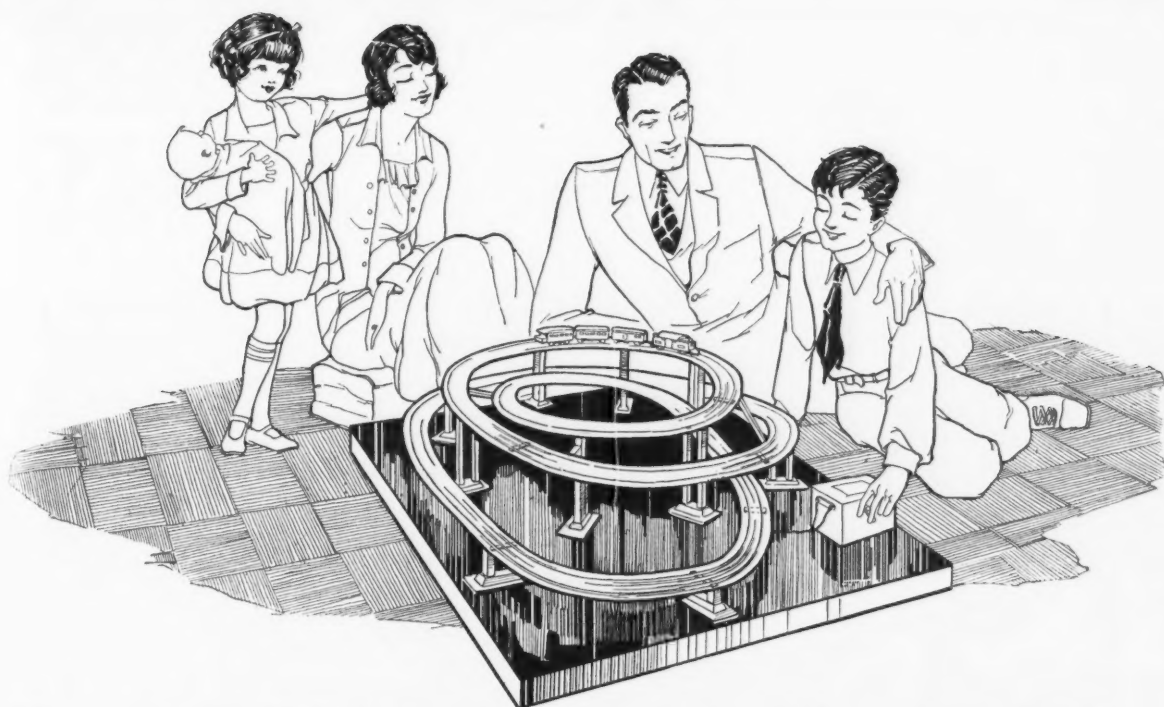
mighty pleased!

After a while he will come to a shallow place in the stream where there are some big, flat rocks. This just suits him, and he wades around, feeling along the bottom with his little, black hands. Perhaps he'll catch a fish or a crab, but in the picture you see him washing something in the water. You shouldn't have much trouble guessing what it is, for the shell is lying on the rock beside him. He is very fond of this food, and knows just how to open the shells!

Another coon has come along, so full that he can scarcely walk. This fat old chap wants some dessert, and how lucky he is! He finds it growing on a vine out over the water. When he has picked a bunch, he will climb down from the old dead stump, and wash his dessert very carefully. You see, 'coons have a great habit of washing everything they eat, if they can find any water to wash in.

Just before daylight these coons will climb up into big trees and curl their ringed tails over their noses to sleep until frogs croak again.

(For contest directions, see page 640)



Your Boy Will Get the Big Thrill of His Life— from this Delker Electric Train Tower



The Delko Dumper

Strong as a Dray—Holds a Ton

A unique coaster wagon and dumper on which you can pile as many kids as you can get on with no fear of a breakdown. Here is a wagon that every boy wants on sight.

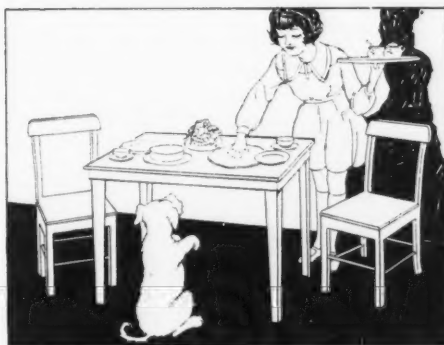
(The coupon will bring catalog and prices.)



HE track is built in the road bed. There are no joints or bumps to interfere with the smooth operation of the train. The tower keeps the track from being lost, broken or mislaid around the yard or house.

It is built entirely of steel, enameled in everlasting colors; built on a platform; shipped set up—no assembling to be done. All that is necessary is to connect transformer to terminal and start train running.

Tower has 40 feet of track. Occupies space of only 54x60 inches. Very small space occupied considering length of track. Can be easily moved and stored away when not in use.



A Tea Party Set for daughter that even Mother will envy

Now every home where there is a little girl can have a Tea Party Set that will bring a new thrill into the giving of parties. Priced surprisingly low due to the enormous demand, you have your choice of many beautiful colors. Tea Party Sets come in Ivory, Pink, Red, Blue, Orange, Mahogany and in natural finish. Table top and chair seats covered with imitation leather. (The coupon will bring catalog and prices.)

George Delker Co.

INCORPORATED

HENDERSON

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COUPON

GEORGE DELKER COMPANY, Henderson, Ky.

I have an electric train ☐ 0 gauge ☐ wide gauge ☐

I want an electric train ☐ 0 gauge ☐ wide gauge ☐

SEND CATALOG OF DELKER TOYS

I would like to have:

The Electric Train Tower ☐

The Delko Dumper ☐

The Tea Party Set ☐

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Parents Name.....

The best place in our city to buy toys is at the stores listed below.



CORNERD BEEF HASH

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectives," etc.



THIS month we are going to make something that is particularly for fathers. Of course, mothers and sisters and brothers and aunts (to say nothing of ourselves) will like it, too. But just the same, it is a special favorite with fathers, so we are going to call it their

dish. It wouldn't take them three guesses to tell that we are making cornerd beef hash—it's just that popular.

Now maybe some cook who happens not to be well informed about what is what in cooking will remark, "Hash! Dear me! Scraps!" Whereupon we will answer politely but firmly, "No scraps! Hash is a difficult dish to make, one that requires real skill and patience." It is very popular as well as fashionable and we can be sure that in learning to prepare it we are doing something quite worth while.

Indeed, hash requires so much of both skill and patience in the making that one orders it only at home or at a very high-class restaurant, for only there can one be sure that it is prepared with all the skill necessary

to make it delicious. The making is not, perhaps, actually so difficult, but it is so particular that any carelessness is sure to show in the finished product. So, cooks, please read carefully and resolve to have a perfect result. This is a time when Grandmother's advice must be remembered; it was she who always told us, "If anything is worth doing, it is worth doing well."

The first thing we shall discuss is the meat that goes into the hash. It must be beef, but it may be either fresh beef or cornerd beef. To our way of thinking, nothing makes quite as good hash as cornerd beef, and if we intend to buy meat on purpose for our hash that certainly is what we shall get. Probably your best plan is to cooperate with mother and cook and persuade them to cook a roast of cornerd beef one evening and let you make hash the next day or two afterward.

Or it is quite possible that you may find in the larder (that, you know, is really just a sort of story-book name for the refrigerator) some very nice portions of roast of beef or of steak. Either of these will make delicious hash if you follow the directions beginning after the meat is first cooked.

If you intend to buy meat just for the hash, get about three pounds of cornerd beef. Tell the butcher that you want a 'lean piece from the rump or shoulder,' though a choice piece of brisket will do if you cannot get the other cut. Of course you will be sure to remember these names, as it is quite important to have just exactly the right meat



with which to make Father's favorite dish.

METHOD FOR COOKING THE MEAT

Wash the piece of meat; wipe off the water and place it in a kettle of moderate size.

Cover it with boiling water.

Bring very quickly to a boil and then immediately pour off that water. This is to take away the extra salt from corning. Do not let the meat cook even one minute; pour the water off as soon as the boiling point is reached, which should be in four or five minutes. Use thick holders in handling the kettle, as it will be hot.

Cover again with boiling water and again bring to a quick boil.

Reduce the heat and simmer *very* slowly till tender, which will take about three hours. "Simmer" means to have just enough heat to keep the bubbles moving slowly from bottom to top. The kettle must be tightly covered. This slow cooking makes meat deliciously tender. Test in about three hours by sticking a fork into the meat; if the fork sticks in easily and the meat seems almost to fall apart it is done.

Take the kettle from the fire and let the meat cool in that water in which it cooked.

When cool, drain and chill.

Now the meat is ready and from this point on our hash is made just the same, whether we have cooked the meat on purpose, as above, or whether we use meat that has been prepared before for another meal.

METHOD FOR MAKING HASH

Wash thoroughly five medium-sized or eight small potatoes.

Cover with boiling water and cook till tender. This will take from twenty to thirty minutes according to the size of the potatoes.

Drain off the water and cool the potatoes.

When cool enough to handle, peel them and put them away to chill. In peeling, thrust a fork into the potato and hold it firmly with the left hand. With a small knife held in the right hand, strip off the peeling. This is a quick and easy method of preparing potatoes and for many recipes is better than peeling them before cooking.

When the potatoes are chilled, chop or put through the grinder enough to make four cupfuls. Potatoes vary so in size that you cannot always guess just how many to cook in order to get four cupfuls. Therefore cook enough and put the extra amount away in a covered dish. They can be used later for hashed brown or au gratin potatoes or they may be served with cream sauce.

Cut the meat into portions the size of an egg or smaller.

While cutting up the meat, examine each bit with the greatest care and remove every bit of bone, gristle or fat. Nothing so completely ruins an otherwise good dish of hash as does the unexpected discovery of a bit of bone or gristle. So make sure,

(Continued on page 616)



Why the Indians called Tommy—"Fleet-Foot"

Many, many years ago a boy named Tommy lived in a frontier settlement. One day, while wandering deep in the forest, Tommy met a band of hostile Indians on the trail. With a wild "whoop!" that almost paralyzed Tommy with fright, the Indians started towards him.

How Tommy ran! Branches lashed his face cruelly . . . briars tore his clothes to shreds . . . but on he sped. Could he reach home in time to save his own life and warn the settlers?

Finally—when it seemed to Tommy that he could run no further—the great stockade surrounding the settlement came in sight. Eager hands had opened the gate, and Tommy burst through with arrows whizzing by his head.

Tommy had out-run the fleetest of his enemies! And ever after he was called "Fleet-Foot" by the Indians.

Can you imagine why Tommy could run so fast? It was because he ate food that made his muscles lithe and strong. Every morning, Tommy had a big steaming bowlful of whole-wheat porridge for breakfast.

Children today call Wheatena the "run-fast" food. It is the nut-brown wheat cereal that contains all the good things that build sound bones, strong, supple muscles and a stout heart. Ask *your* mother to give you Wheatena—the "run-fast" food—for tomorrow's breakfast. You'll like its toasty, nut-like flavor.



Special Offer!

"Feeding the Child from Crib to College" is an entirely new kind of book for mothers—written by one of the most eminent child-health specialists in America. Absolutely authoritative. Only 25c brings you a copy. Please use coupon on right.



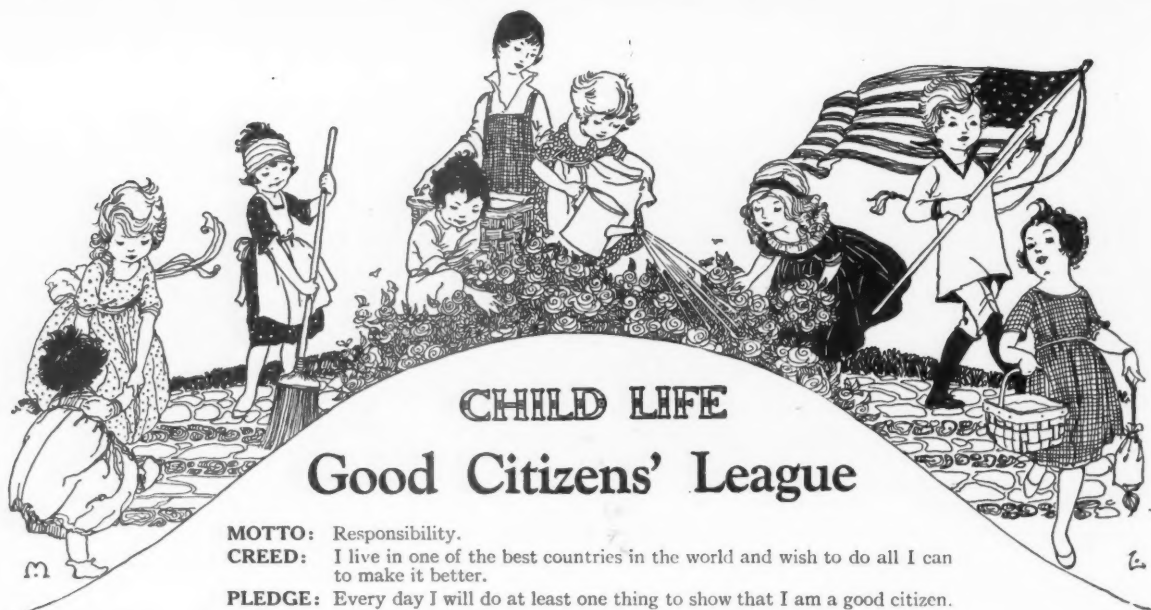
Wheatena Sample FREE

☐ Check here and we'll send you a sample of Wheatena FREE.

☐ Check here—enclose 25c—and we'll send you a copy of the book.

The Wheatena Corporation,
Wheatonville, Rahway, New Jersey.

Name.....
Address.....CL10-28



MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

PROPERTY RIGHTS

THIS is a queer time to talk about "Property Rights," said Ben Jarvis, when the members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League came together for their first October meeting and Miss Bradley, the counselor, had announced the subject for the month.

"That shows *you* haven't been a Good Citizen very long," teased Bill. "If you had, you'd know that this bunch doesn't have to go around tearing up other people's property in order to have a good time on Halloween."

"I should say we don't," said Miriam indignantly. "It may be some people's idea of a joke to hide somebody's porch swing, but it's not ours. We're always too busy having a good time to do stupid things like that. There aren't any boys and girls in town who have better times at Halloween parties than we do."

Perhaps the month of Halloween wasn't the most usual time to begin thinking of "Property Rights," but the members of the league decided that it was the best time. Property was of three kinds, they learned—public property, semi-public property and private property. *Public property* included the streets and sidewalks, the parks, the police and fire departments, the public libraries, and schools;

A GOOD CITIZEN

1. I signed the pledge to protect property.
2. I made a list of five things which are public property.
3. I made a list of five things which are semi-public property.
4. I made a list of five things which are private property.
5. I swept the sidewalk in front of our house.
6. I used the can for refuse in the park.
7. I visited the fire department in my community.
8. I read the public library rules.
9. I was careful not to disturb the people who were reading in the library.
10. I returned my library books on time.
11. I kept our alley clean.
12. I obeyed the signs in the park.
13. I was careful not to trample on other people's yards.
14. I raked my own yard.
15. I helped clean up a vacant lot.
16. I covered a flower bed with straw or in some other way helped to get the flowers ready for their winter nap.
17. I was careful not to throw paper on public walks or streets.
18. I helped clean up the schoolyard.
19. I shared the apparatus on the public playgrounds fairly.
20. I tried not to crowd others in crowded places.
21. I moved to the front of a crowded street car.
22. I gave my seat in the car to an older person.
23. I washed my hands before using a borrowed book.
24. I made a cover for a borrowed book.
25. I was careful that none of my Halloween fun damaged any property.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above. At the beginning of the month, write your name, age, and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your October list of good deeds in time to reach us by November 5 if you want to see your name on the Honor Roll.

semi-public property consisted of the stores, churches, gas and electricity and the street car service; while the homes which their parents owned and even their own tops and balls and marbles were *private property*.

And they learned another surprising thing—not only did they own their own personal possessions, but they were part owners of the streets and the parks and the schools, which the taxes, paid by their parents, helped support and which were intended for their use. When it came to their purely personal property—their toys and wagons and pets—they had only to remember how proud they were of them in order to realize that other people felt the same way about their things. There were just two points, therefore, to keep in mind, when they were planning their Halloween fun—to take care of the property which they owned themselves and in common with the other people of their community, and to be as considerate of other people's property as they wished others to be of theirs.

When the members of the Brocton league started their "Property Rights" campaign the first of October, they had no idea how popular it would become. Posters suddenly made their appearance in the school corridors—posters which announced "Keep Brocton Beautiful."

ful." "The Parks Are Yours to Use—Not to Abuse," and "The Schoolhouse is Your Property—Prove that you are Proud of It!" The next step was for every member to sign a pledge which read: "During the month of October I promise to do everything within my power to protect property and to do at least one definite thing to improve my own or someone else's property."

The enthusiasm of the Brocton League soon spread to all the pupils of the school, and when Halloween came the schoolyard was spic and span, leaves had been raked and gathered into huge piles for bonfires, rubbish in vacant lots had been burned and flower beds at home had been covered with straw or in some other way made ready for the winter. In fact, the whole town of Brocton looked spic and span.

"This beats hiding somebody's old porch swing," declared a dashing young pirate, who on closer inspection proved to be Ben Jarvis eating his third piece of pumpkin pie. The members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League were holding their annual Halloween party, and had had their fortunes told in a gypsy tent, had bobbed for apples in tubs of water, had popped corn and had done the one hundred and one other things that help to make a Halloween party just about the jolliest one of the year.

"Of course," shrieked a ghost with Miriam's voice. "This bunch knows what a good time really is."

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, Manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

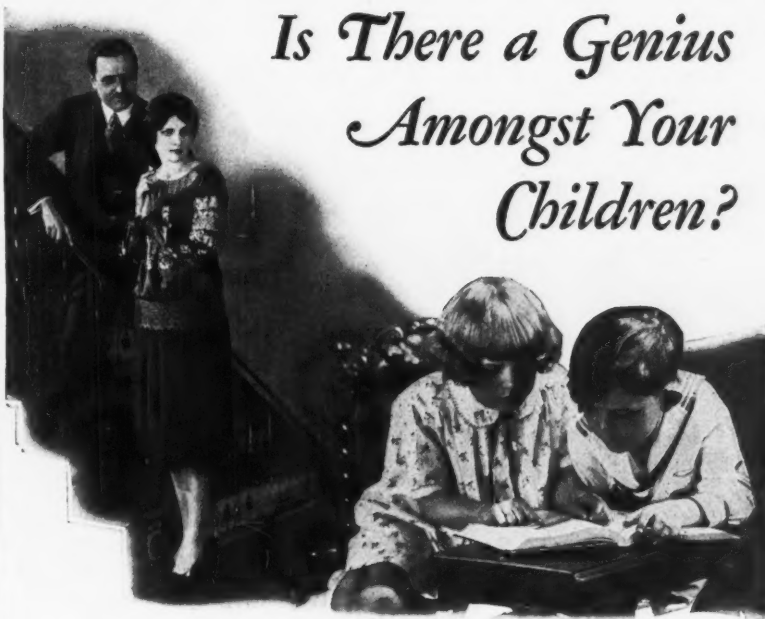
Honor Roll for July

The following members have earned twenty-five or more honor points during the month of July.

Wayne Allen
Nina B. Arnette
Dorcas Bahn
Margaret Bahn
Josephine Bantura
Kenneth Bentz
Ethel Caslow
Eva Caslow
Ethel Chronister
Florence Chronister
Kenneth Chronister
William Chronister
Beatrice Cohen
Howard Dixon
Dorothy Finklestein
Philip Foulke
William Frock
Mary Gaeto
Regina Gajewska
Alice Kidder

Helen Kilgare
Viola Kubista
Lucile Kuskey
Elizabeth Lewis
Ethel McGuigan
Annie Patterson
Elinor Pokorny
Lenore Rickey
Randolph Russell
Lucille Scott
Ruth Shattuck
Helen Smolensky
Jeanne Spall
Mary L. Webster
Marion Wiley
Margaret Wilhelm
Vivian Wilson
Charles Wilt
Ardelle Wolf
Frieda Wolf

Is There a Genius Amongst Your Children?



How many thousands of timid gifts of early genius are lost to the world, no one can tell. But the number is enormous and the loss greater than we know.

PERHAPS that spark is in one of your children—in that boy who does such odd, unexpected things; in that girl who is so strange at times you hardly know her.

Watch for that spark. It must be fed. And the only thing it feeds upon is learning. Inspirational learning, getatable learning, learning written in terms of the child mind so that it is also understandable learning; learning that will be as tinder to that spark and will set that mind afire with inspiration.

There is only one set of books in the world that can provide this service in this complete and all-inspiring way. It is the only set of books of its kind ever printed. Nothing else like it exists. It is called Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia for Children.

In this tremendous work, the entire encyclopedia has been written in terms of the child mind of every age. The cleverest writers in America have made the whole range of learning as interesting as a fairy story. And the

greatest educators and authorities in America have sat over those writers to see that that learning was kept absolutely accurate.

Here then is the fuel for that spark of genius in your home. Here is the inspiration that that child has been waiting for. Herein is the hope that that genius will find its way to full radiance and power.

A first payment of as little as \$4.50 will put this entire children's encyclopedia in your home. A letter from you or this Coupon will bring a personal answer from our Educational Advisor who has the spreading of this work in charge.

This coupon will also bring you absolutely free a wonderful book called the "Questionario Game" which measures the general knowledge of any child at any age. So mail your coupon now and the material we shall send you free will be as much an inspiration to you as the books themselves will be to that spark of genius that is waiting for them.

COMPTON'S Pictured Encyclopedia for Children



COUPON

F. E. Compton & Co., Educational Advisor
Dept. 0-3, Compton Bldg., 1000 N. Dearborn St.
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen.—Please have your Educational Advisor communicate with me regarding Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia for children. Have her send me your Free Literature and Sample Pages and also your Questionario Mental Test Book which you are offering free.

Parent's Name _____

Address _____

Town _____

State _____

The indoor days of winter are just around the corner

*—yet you can con-
tinue to give your
child the sun's
health-building,
ultra-violet rays
through windows
of Vita* Glass*

BITTER winds and soggy ground keep children indoors most of the winter. They fail to get their share of the sunlight—particularly the life-giving ultra-violet rays. They lose strength and vitality. Weakened little bodies are less able to resist disease . . . at a time when they need protection most.

Your doctor will tell you that children need the vital ultra-violet rays in sunshine for normal healthful growth. These invaluable rays build sturdy bones and sound teeth in little bodies. They tone up the blood, increase appetites, and develop the vitality needed to combat disease.

Yet if your child plays in a room fitted with ordinary window glass, he might as well be in a darkened basement. For a pane of common window glass shuts out the vital ultra-violet rays completely.

Four years ago, Vita Glass was perfected. Since then, tests have demonstrated that Vita Glass transmits a sufficient quantity of the vital ultra-violet wave-lengths for all health purposes. As proof of its efficiency, already more than 100 hospitals and sanatoria have installed Vita Glass, and are using it successfully. And hospitals adopt a new product only after hundreds of



tests have proved it to be beneficial.

Plan to give your child the definite health advantages of a Vita Glass installation this coming winter. You can order it cut to specification. It is installed just like ordinary window glass.

Have us send you the complete story of Vita Glass, telling you its comparatively low cost, together with important facts about ultra-violet rays and their use in promoting the health of your child. The coupon below puts you under no obligation.

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GLASS

* Vita is the trade-mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of and indicates glass and glassware manufactured for and sold by Vitaglass Corporation, New York City.

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CL-10

Please send me your literature on Vita Glass and its use in the care of children.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

[Continued from page 613]

very sure, that nothing but lean meat goes into your hash.

Put the meat through the grinder or chop it, preparing enough to make two cupfuls. Here again you may find that you have been too generous in providing and that there is more than two cupfuls of meat. Put the surplus away in a covered dish. It can be creamed and served on toast, or it can be combined in an omelet. If you have prepared too much of both meat and potato, make extra hash and serve it for breakfast with a poached egg on top to make it seem different.

Put three tablespoonfuls of fat into a frying pan. For this you may use butter, margarine, cooking oil or meat drippings.

When the fat is hot add the hash which you have carefully measured in the right proportion of 2 cupfuls of meat to 4 of potato. That is enough to serve five persons.

Brown delicately and then, with a pancake turner, turn gently so that the upper portion will also brown.

Pour over it $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of milk or meat gravy.

Cover tightly and cook slowly for ten minutes.

Serve on a hot dish prettily garnished with parsley.

Try making corned beef hash for Saturday evening dinner. This will allow you to buy and cook the meat in the morning and will not hurry the various parts of the work.

With the hash you may like to use this menu:

SATURDAY EVENING DINNER

Vegetable Soup with Crackers	Baked Squash
Corned Beef Hash	Bran Muffins
Cabbage Salad	Jam
Apple Pudding with Hard Sauce	Coffee or Milk



A COFFEEPOT FACE

AILEEN FISHER

I saw
my face
in the coffeepot.
Imagine,
a coffeepot face!

My cheeks
were big
and my nose was NOT,
and my mouth
was every place.

WILD ANIMAL CONTEST PRIZE WINNERS

First Prize: Lydia K. Murray,
1 Kingsboro Av., Gloversville, N. Y.

Eleanor Deane Gray,
70 North 4th St., Old Town, Me.

Spencer Lawrence Nielson,
429 King St., Ionia, Mich.

William Rossmore,
1 McKinley St., Balswin, L. I.

Walden Elliott,
207 E. Lincoln St., Hoopston, Ill.

Mary L. Schelsky,
920 E. Iowa St., Evansville, Ind.

David S. Kammerer,
107 W. King St., Littlestown, Pa.

TO MY MANY FRIENDS WHO HAVE FOLLOWED THE ANIMAL TRAILS

Dear Billy and Mary and all the rest:

I was very much pleased indeed to have all of you take so great an interest in the Wild Animal Contest. It proves that boys and girls are interested in nature, and in the wild creatures, which is a very good thing for our country. The boys and girls of to-day will sometime have it in their power to uphold the traditions of the pioneers, men who loved America for her vast plains and mountains, and for the joy that is found in wilderness trails. Cities are necessary, of course, but it is a good thing for human beings to seek the dark forests and the tall mountains.

The only trouble with Wild Animal Contests is that there are so many of you and only one of me! I would like to be able to answer every letter that came for me, and to send every boy and girl a baby alligator, but if you will just stop to think, I don't believe you would want me to! You see, it would take me the rest of my life writing letters and catching baby alligators, and I would not have time to make any more drawings or have any more contests! This would be hard on all of us, so you will just have to take my word for the fact that I am sorry everyone does not receive a prize.

I hope that you will all enjoy the next contest, and perhaps you will win a prize this time. I am writing a whole book just about animals, and if it is ready in time, I shall offer one to each of the first three winners in the new contest.

With my best wishes to you all,
DAVID NEWELL.

P.S. You will be interested to know that there were one hundred and seventy-seven perfect lists, and that nearly two-thirds of these were sent in by girls!

[Continued on page 629]

Your Children, Too Need The Book of Knowledge



WHAT is curiosity teaching your boy or girl? In the homes of more than 2,000,000 children to-day The Book of Knowledge is their most treasured possession, their friendly companion, their constant help, at home, at school, at play. Day by day, it is turning their eager curiosity into important knowledge. They understand many of the great topics of the moment. In the classroom they are ready to give quick and intelligent answers. The Book of Knowledge captivates the child's mind and makes learning a joy.

The Idea of a Father Who Loved His Child

This wonderful educational plan is the idea of a father who loved his child and was determined to give him the best possible start in the race for knowledge. It was planned, written, arranged and illustrated by those who understand the needs of growing minds. As the chief of a state-wide educational survey reports: "A goodly proportion of the gifted children I have been studying seem to have been brought up on it." It has won the Sesqui-Centennial Medal of Honor for Educational Value. It is included in the American Library Association Booklist A Guide to New Books.

Why 2,000,000 Children Have It Already

The department of Wonder answers the children's questions; Familiar Things takes them on fascinating visits to the great workshops of the world; The Earth tells the story of land, air, sea and sky; in Animal Life and Plant Life they read about the birds, fishes, insects, animals, flowers, and trees. Our Own Life tells of our bodies and our minds, and explains the principles of citizenship and economics so simply that even these difficult subjects are easily grasped by the children. In All Countries they come to know foreign lands and their peoples; United States tells of our own country, its history, government, industries and ideals. Literature and The Fine Arts, Stories, Famous Books, Men and Women and Golden Deeds spread before



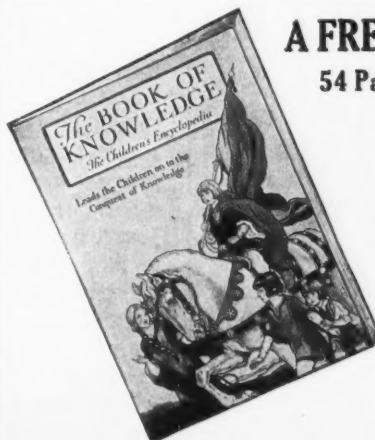
them the cultural treasures of the world. The department of Things to Make and Do contains games to stimulate their active minds, and handicrafts to keep their restless fingers busy. Helps to Learning and the School Subject Guide make the way easier in school. The new Index makes The Book of Knowledge a wonderfully efficient reference work which the whole family uses and enjoys.

15,000 Delightful Pictures

This is a book of striking educational pictures that live in the memory—15,000 illustrations, 2,200 of them in fine color, 1,200 in gravure. Clearly and vividly they explain the great facts of knowledge. Here is visual education in its simplest, most attractive form. The Free Booklet of 54 full-size illustrated pages taken from The Book of Knowledge will delight your boy or girl and will show you just how this great work with its charming style and wealth of pictures captures the children's attention and holds their interest. Mail the coupon below and the Free Book will be sent to you at once.

A FREE BOOK for Your Children

54 Pages from The Book of Knowledge



THE GROLIER SOCIETY
Dept. 180, 2 West 45th St.
New York, N. Y.

You may send me free for my children the new illustrated booklet of 54 full-size pages, including color plate, gravure pages, a complete story, The Earth and Its Neighbors, Why Do I Dream? Little Ships of etc., taken from The Book of Knowledge.

Name

Address

City State

CHILD LIFE 10-28



Zip-Ons are durable and economical. They clean beautifully and may be washed

Smart winter togs for children — Easy to put on trim . . warm . . sturdy

WITH ZIP-ONS—children are prepared for winter so easily . . . attractively . . . economically!

Trim, comfortable leggings with a smart little blouse to match—a complete play suit—equipped with the famous Hookless Fasteners that never break, jam or rust.

Zip-On Play Suits are made of soft, warm Suede Like in French Blue, Poppy Red, Camel's Hair, Emerald, Reindeer, African, Navy, Grey and Copenhagen or of smart Corduroy in Camel Brown, Navy and Grey. Sizes 2 to 16 years. Blouses and leggings may be purchased separately.

Zip-On Leggings are made also in Moleskin, Corduroy

and Jersey Cloth in White, Camel's Hair, Navy, Brown and Grey. All fastener trouble is avoided with Zip-Ons.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us the size and color you desire—Zip-On Play Suits, Leggings or Sport Blouses—and we will see that you are supplied. Howlett & Hockmeyer Co., Sole Agents, Fifth Avenue, Corner 26th St., New York.



The youngsters like to zip them up—for themselves or for each other



This label in every genuine Zip-On garment—look for it—Zip-Ons are guaranteed

ZIP-ON

Trade mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LEGGINGS, SPORT BLOUSES AND PLAY SUITS

SHADOWS ON THE MOON

[Continued from page 589]

a pair of spy glasses, then jumps up and down excitedly, calling out loudly.] Queen! Queen! They're at it again! They're boo-ing! They're shoo-ing! They're snatching!

[The QUEEN comes running from the right, stands beside MR. OWL and looks left where you still hear the voices, though not very loud.]

QUEEN (sadly): They've forgotten their promise! And this was their last chance! What shall I do with them, Mr. Owl? [She takes off her crown and hangs it on a bush.] You're wise, everybody says. Please—please tell me what to do!

MR. OWL (beginning to look all around again): But I've lost my glasses! How can I be wise without glasses?

QUEEN: Glasses! [She picks up the grip.] Why, aren't they right in here?

MR. OWL (taking grip and hurriedly looking inside): Everything gone! Stolen! Stolen! Stolen by your rogues and rowdies! Stolen by your scamps and scoundrels! But thanks to my luck, one pair is still here, and thanks to my double luck, it's the wisest pair of all! [He brings out of the grip a pair with eyes as big as they could possibly be. He puts them on and stands looking very solemn, in a silly pose, with one knee bent, and one finger on his forehead, thinking very hard. Faintly we still can hear that "oo—oo—oo—oo."] Mr. Owl: Well, you simply can't let them scare the world to pieces. That's a sure thing! Nobody's going to let October be nothing but a month of rogues and rowdies! [He taps one foot thoughtfully on the floor—finger still on his forehead.] I have it!

QUEEN: Oh, what?

MR. OWL: Never let them out on Halloween again!

QUEEN: That's no idea! You've just heard me say that two or three times myself! And the trouble with that is—Halloween isn't Halloween without Ghosts and Goblins and Black Cats and Witches. If I take them away, there won't be any Halloween left. And yet they simply must be good!

(MR. OWL has been tapping his foot, and thinking hard.)

MR. OWL: I have it! I really have it now! Wonderful idea! Marvelous! Wonderful! We'll fill the world with all the Ghosts and Goblins and Black Cats and Witches anybody wants, and yet they'll be the best, very best, most goodest, most sweetest, most docilest creatures you ever saw! [He puts up a wise finger and begins to run around in a circle, rubbing his hands together.] Leave it to me! Just leave it to me! You called me wise and you're certainly right! Just where is your telephone? Show me your telephone! [He looks around.]

QUEEN (clasping her hands in anxiety): But what are you going to do, Mr. Owl? What are you going to do?

MR. OWL (shaking a finger at her): Never mind! Just never mind! [He pretends to take down a

telephone receiver out of the air, and puts it to his ear, reaches up on tiptoes, as though talking through a high-up telephone.] Hello—please ring the person I'm thinking of. I'll give you three guesses. Yes sir—the photographer. Right, the first time! Hello—hello, Photographer. Come down here, will you? Hurry up! Lots of business! [He hangs up the receiver in the air, then takes it down again and reaches up on his toes again.] Thank you. [He hangs up receiver again and turns to the QUEEN.] I almost forgot my own manners! Now get those rogues and rowdies back here! [A whistle is hanging around the QUEEN'S neck. He blows it twice.] That'll fetch 'em! And this is the scheme! [He gets very close to the QUEEN, as though talking very confidentially.] We'll take their pictures right and left—and on Halloween put them out up the world and down the world till they'll have more Ghosts and Goblins than they ever had before—BUT we'll send your rogues and rowdies where no one will ever see them again—[He stands even closer to her and speaks even more confidentially.] and where we'll send 'em will be to the moon—that's where! We'll send 'em to the moon where there's plenty of room for them to shoo and boo at each other! Am I wise? I know I'm wise! You know I'm wise!

[GOBLINS, GHOSTS, KITS and the WITCH come in from the left slowly, very much ashamed of themselves.]

TALL GOBLIN: Please, Your Majesty, we're very sorry.

SMALL GOBLIN: Please, Your Majesty, we forgot!

QUEEN: And I'm afraid you can never remember!

[MR. OWL immediately begins going around with his grip, taking the glasses off of all the noses. The PHOTOGRAPHER comes hurrying in from the left with his camera.]

THE PHOTOGRAPHER: Is this the place?

QUEEN: Yes. It was Mr. Owl who called you.

[The PHOTOGRAPHER sets up his camera, takes off his derby hat and hangs it on the bush by the QUEEN'S crown—puts his black cloth over his head, and looks out from under it ridiculously.]

THE PHOTOGRAPHER: Who's the subject?

MR. OWL (pointing to every GHOST, GOBLIN and so forth): This—and this—and this—take 'em one at a time, and keep your eye on 'em. They're a lot of rogues and rowdies!

[The PHOTOGRAPHER arranges TALL GHOST and takes a picture, then comes out from under the black cloth.]

THE PHOTOGRAPHER: Next!

[MR. OWL steps forward with SMALL GHOST. Speaks to TALL GHOST.]

MR. OWL: Wait for me outside. [He jerks his thumb back over his shoulder, left.] I'll take you all where you're going to go—where there's plenty of room to boo and shoo at yourselves.

[TALL GHOST leaves the stage, left, much ashamed. MR. OWL and the PHOTOGRAPHER go on taking pictures—one of each—and each one leaves the stage when his picture is taken.]














QUEEN (speaking slowly and thoughtfully): So there'll never be a ghost nor witch nor goblin in the world again. From now on for Halloween the world will only have their pictures. One hundred years from now, people will look and look and look



DOROTHY DOLL

by

Mary Carolyn Davies

Dorothy Doll has lovely  and a  to protect her  and her  and all wherever she goes. Dorothy Doll has  of red shiny leather; and on her  a Paris  (So at least, 'tis said.) But Raggedy Sue has a broken ; and nothing new in the way of . And she never wore  as far as that goes! But the little  who owns the two is fonder far of ! I'd prefer , wouldn't you yes, I think so. Still—I don't know—





You'll never get tired of this FOX PLAY GUN

Imagine a play gun that's a real, true-to-life miniature of the famous Fox Shot Gun—that has double barrels, double triggers, and hardwood stock—

A breech-loading, hammerless gun that loads and works just like a big gun, but is

Absolutely safe for any boy or girl!

The Fox Play Gun will give you all the fun of a real gun with none of the danger. It shoots small wooden balls, so light they won't injure anybody or do any damage—won't even break glassware. The shells are spring-powered—no powder, no danger. But talk about fun—you can play dozens of games with it, outdoors or in the house, and it's great for target practice!

The Fox Play Gun is made in the same factory with the big Fox Shot Guns, and it's built to last. Ask your Dad to go to the nearest toy or sporting goods store and examine this new plaything. We believe he'll be glad to get one for you. If your dealer hasn't it, write to us. The price is \$3.50, complete with ammunition and target.

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FOX

PLAY GUN



at the moon— [MR. OWL makes his hands like telescope eyes and pretends looking, looking up at the moon.] and see black shadows there and wonder what they are!

MR. OWL: And they'll go to the ten-cent store and buy these pictures of Tall Ghost and Small Ghost and the Kits and the Witch of Midnight and wonder and wonder if there ever really could have been such rogues and rowdies! [By the time MR. OWL finishes talking, the last of the seven has gone, and now THE PHOTOGRAPHER folds up the black cloth and takes his camera.] Now, sir, we'd like four thousand copies printed of each picture. (TO QUEEN) Would four thousand of each be right, my dear?

QUEEN: Yes. Four thousand.

MR. OWL: Or five thousand, delivered completely and entirely around the world next Halloween.

QUEEN: And every Halloween.

MR. OWL: And every Halloween. So now, how much is your fee?

THE PHOTOGRAPHER (*figuring in the air*): About—just about—well about eleven dollars and fifty cents, or say twelve.

MR. OWL: Eleven and a half is plenty. (TO QUEEN) Is it not, my dear?

QUEEN: No, I think twelve.

MR. OWL: Oh, very well—if that's all you care for half a dollar! [He takes imaginary money out of his pocket, and counts off twelve imaginary bills in THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S hand.] One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Paid in full!

[THE PHOTOGRAPHER puts the imaginary money in his pocket and absent-mindedly puts the QUEEN'S crown on his head instead of his hat, as they are hung side by side. He speaks to the QUEEN first, and then to MR. OWL.]

THE PHOTOGRAPHER: Good day. Good day. [He takes his camera and leaves the stage left.]

MR. OWL (to the QUEEN): And we haven't yet had tea!

QUEEN: It's never too late. I'll put the kettle on at once.

[She leaves the stage to the right. MR. OWL takes off his specs and puts them in his grip, struts to the goldenrod, picks a piece, puts it in his buttonhole and calls after the QUEEN.]

MR. OWL: I'm coming right along! [He picks up grip and calls after QUEEN again.] Two lumps in my tea. [He stands where he telephoned THE PHOTOGRAPHER, and telephones on the imaginary telephone as before.] Hello—give me the chief editor of all the newspapers. [Calls after QUEEN, while waiting for his number.] And plenty of cream! (Into the telephone again) Is this the chief editor of all the newspapers? This is the wisest bird, you know. Here's some news you may publish or keep to yourself, just as you please. There are no more witches or goblins or ghosts. There never will be any more witches or goblins or ghosts. From now on for Halloween there will be only pictures of them, and that's absolutely all. And tell anyone who wants to know about it—

[THE QUEEN calls from off-stage.]

QUEEN: Time for tea!

MR. OWL (looking toward where her voice came from, the telephone receiver still pretending to be at his ear): I'm coming right along. Set out plenty of cake! (Back to the telephone) As I was saying—tell anyone who wants to know about it, to—just look at the shadows on the moon. [He hangs up his imaginary receiver on his imaginary hook. He sees THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S derby hat on the bush, puts it on over his own cap, over his ears, or between them, and hurries toward the right side of the stage.] I'm coming right along—right along—right along—[At the very moment before he is gone, he tips his hat to the audience.] Good night, everybody. [He puts up a finger, as if reminding them.] Shadows—on the moon!

[And he is gone, and the OCTOBER corner of Weefle Woods is all alone again, except for the goldenrod and the bright red berries, and the red and yellow and brown leaves, sprinkled on the ground.]

THE COW GOLDEN HORN

[Continued from page 591]

brain. From below something struck his side and knocked him over. Howling, he rolled on the ground once or twice.

He was so hurt and frightened that he did not dare to get on his feet. Instead he slunk away out of the sight of the two cows as if he were they, and they were two tigers . . .

Seeing that they had not only saved themselves but also taught that tiger the lesson of his life, mother and son walked briskly towards the stable of the King.

"What an escape!" they exclaimed every few yards that they covered. And both Golden Horn and Jewel Horn knew that it was not by force that they had won.

The next day after they had been bathed and fed, Jewel Horn said, "Mother, you are right. Horns alone cannot protect a cow. He must use his brains."

Golden Horn answered, "Even our brains are not good enough unless our heart is calm. You must try to sharpen your wits. But above all be calm. If you are calm nothing can frighten you. And he who is not frightened can beat tigers or any other animal. Our fear kills us before we are killed by an enemy. He who is without fear has no enemy."

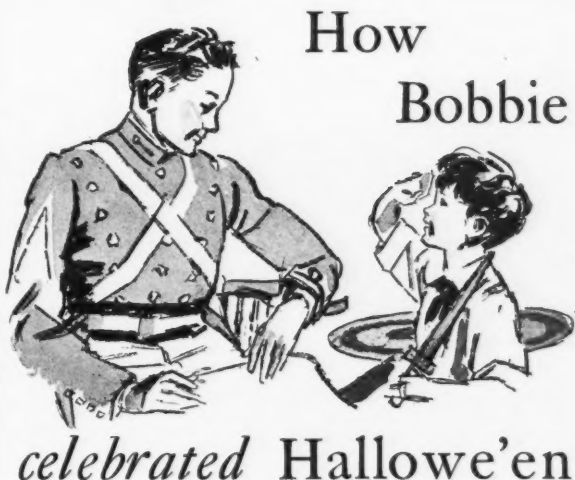
HINK, SPINK!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

Hink, spink, it's Halloween!

The moon rolls up like a ball of gold,
The black cat's eyes are a splendid green,
And the yellow cat's fur is sparky-cold!

Pumpkins are ready in a row,
Eyes and noses and mouths alight.
There's a crackling frost on the hill. Oho,
How the witches will ride to-night!



FOR weeks Bobbie had been looking forward to the Hallowe'en party. There were to be costumes and jack-o'-lanterns and everything—and best of all, Uncle Roland was to be there.

Bobbie's Uncle Roland went to military school, and wore a beautiful uniform with gold buttons. He could tell thrilling stories and invent real soldier-games. Think of having an uncle like that!

Yes, Bobbie had a lot to make him happy. Which made it all the stranger that, when his uncle arrived the day before the party, Bobbie was in tears.

"Why, Captain!" said Uncle Roland. "What's the matter?"

Bobbie's mother looked sad too. "I had to tell him that unless he drinks his milk *every meal*, he can't go to the party," she said. "He hasn't been drinking milk lately, and he needs it."

Uncle Roland looked worried; then his face brightened. "Come into the kitchen," he invited Bobbie's mother, "and I'll tell you a secret."

In a few minutes he was back, setting a steaming cup before Bobbie, in place of the milk. "Try that, Captain," he said. "We have it at school."

Bobbie drank the whole cupful. "It's great, Uncle Roland!" he said.

"Postum made-with-hot-milk strikes all the fellows that way," Roland assured him. "It's a pretty fine way to drink the milk you need to make a real soldier." And he added, "It looks as though we go to the party after all!"

MOTHERS: Do you find it difficult to get your children to drink the quart of milk a day their growing bodies need so urgently? Thousands of other mothers have faced the same problem—and have solved it the Instant Postum way.

Postum is made of roasted wheat and bran, slightly sweetened. Prepared with hot (not boiled) milk, it adds the healthful goodness and delicious flavor of the roasted grain to the body-building elements of milk. It's easy to make, and economical too. Your whole family will like it!

Make a thirty-day test of Postum as a beverage. We'll gladly start you off with a week's supply, and send you Carrie Blanchard's interesting booklet on Postum for children, too. Mail the coupon *today*.

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I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup)
Please send also the Children's booklet by Carrie Blanchard.

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An Educational Discovery

WE WERE taking our son Jack to his uncle's farm to stay with his cousin Billy for the summer.

Billy, with an old mare and wagon, met us at the station.

"I call the carriage 'good ship Argo,'" he announced, "and pretend I'm Jason."

"Who is Jason?" interrupted our son. Billy told the myth charmingly. His use of words astonished both my husband and myself. Although our Jack had gone to an expensive private day school in the city for the best education, we thought, in our power to give him, he had no such vocabulary.

School Comes to Pupil

The young driver pointed out a field which reminded him of Millet's paintings; his remarks as we went on revealed knowledge also of botany and zoology. Why had not our son learned these things, too?

"Amy," I exclaimed to Billy's mother as soon as we arrived, "where does Billy go to school?"

"Billy doesn't go to school," she replied. "I consider it an educational discovery! School comes to him. Haven't you heard of the famous Calvert School Home Instruction Courses?"

"For thirty-one years Calvert School has been educating the children of leading Baltimore families from Kindergarten to High School," she continued. "The same successful methods are used in the Home Courses. Daily lessons, books, materials and personal guidance by a teacher in Baltimore! Thorough preparation—not only the necessary fundamentals, but delightful information about scientific, general and cultural subjects—for High School in six years! It's the individual training that does it—not possible in a class of ten, twenty or more pupils."

Finds Work Easier Than Classmates

I sent for information, and the following fall Jack and I "opened school" at home. We have now had the Calvert Courses for three years. On hearing that Jack had finished the sixth year of Calvert School work with good marks, the High School Principal said:

"Your boy can enter our first year of High School, and from previous experience with Calvert pupils, I venture to say that he will probably find the work easier than do his classmates."

Would not you like your child to have the advantages of an education under expert supervision? V. M. Hillyer, A.B., Harvard, author of "A Child's History of the World," "Child Training," etc., is Head Master of Calvert School. Send the coupon for information now.

CALVERT SCHOOL

110 Tuscany Road, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me full information about your Home Instruction Courses.

Name.....

Address.....



HILLTOP CASTLE

[Continued from page 599]

a few days later. But when they reached the castle they made a discovery which drove all lesser matters out of their minds.

The front door was bolted and no one answered their knock. No one was to be found anywhere about the building, not even a cat.

They turned their steps down the hill again at last, puzzled and worried.

"Where can Uncle George have gone? Do you suppose anything terrible can have happened to him?" Georgina exclaimed.

Mrs. Harcourt only smiled when she heard their excited account of the locked castle. "Uncle George has gone away from Westport," she told them. "You must have missed him between here and the castle. He came here while you were gone to ask if the cats may stay with you."

Georgina and Joie looked at each other with astonishment. "How dreadful to have Uncle George move away!" the little girl cried. "He's almost—almost like our own uncle! He's been so good to us! And he's gone without even saying good-by!" Georgina ran to hug Snowball who was poking her white head round the kitchen door to see what it was all about.

Mrs. Harcourt smiled gently at Georgina. "You have been happy here in Westport, haven't you, dear?" she said. "And you've grown very fond of Uncle George!"

"Uncle George and you and Joie and John!" Georgina cried. "I haven't ever been so happy—since my own daddy died!"

Another puzzle presented itself to Georgina and John and Joie a few days later. It was Snowball who led them back up the hill to the castle. Lady White was somewhat stiff and elderly. She proved content to sun herself on the Harcourt front porch. Lilly was busy with the care of Tigerlily, her kitten. But Snowball was of an adventurous turn of mind. She seemed filled with a longing for her old home.

So it was that Joie and Georgina and John went in search of her and came upon the strange happenings at the castle they had thought of as locked and empty. Joie, who as usual was in the lead, came rushing back with the exciting information. "Guess what's happening!" he cried.

"Hurry and tell us!" Georgina urged him.
 "Some one is moving into the castle—there's a truck in front and they're putting down rugs in the rooms and furniture—" Joie's breath gave out with running and excitement.

The three children stood silent with open eyes and mouths before the castle. There was a strange woman, not their friend, Mrs. Tucker, polishing the high windows. Express men were carrying about furniture and hammering things. It was plain the house was soon to be inhabited again.

Georgina's lip trembled as she watched. "Do you suppose Uncle George has sold the castle to strange people?" she said.

"It looks like it!" Joie agreed. "Isn't it awful—no more good times in the tower?"

"No more games of hide-and-seek in the empty rooms!" John added.

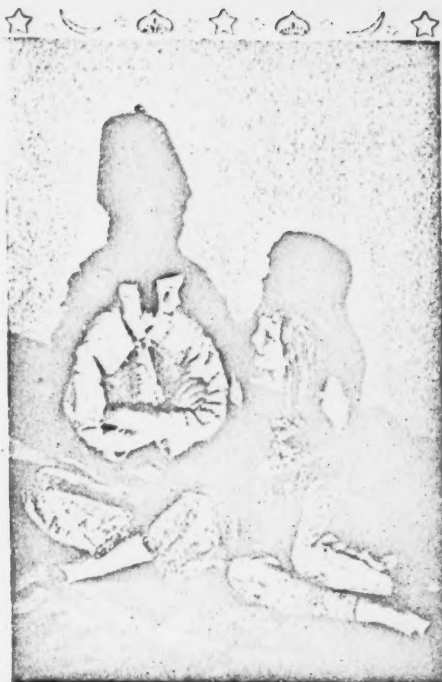
"No more Uncle George!" Georgina drew her handkerchief from the depths of her pocket. "And I think he was the jolliest man I ever knew, except my own daddy!"

They walked unhappily down the hill again.

"Do you suppose Uncle George will let the cats stay with you always?" Georgina asked her cousins.

John shook his head. "He was very fond of those cats!" he said. "He'll be sure to send for them!"

During the next few days the three made repeated trips up the hill to see what was happening at the castle. It was all very astonishing. Gardeners were putting the overgrown garden in order, transplanting flowers and leveling lawns. There was a fine new fence going up round the place and little stone steps and paths appearing among the flower beds and trees. They could catch only glimpses of the



It works like a Turk...

IT ISN'T often that little boys and girls actually live a fairy story. Yet this is what Bob and Betty are doing.

A minute ago they were American children. And now, just look...they are changed into a little Turkish boy and girl.

"It's as good as having Aladdin's Lamp. Our wish has actually come true," said Bob. "But now that we are Turkish we must find out what Turks do...whether they really work so very much harder than other people."

So they set out, and all day long they visited first one place then another.

But they didn't find out why people say "He works like a Turk"...when anybody works specially hard...for Turks seemed to be quite lazy.

"There must be some mistake," said Betty.

"No!" said Bob, "I guess we simply haven't looked in the right places, for there wouldn't be the saying unless it were true."

"I'm so sleepy, I don't care whether they work at all," said Betty.

"Well, anyway, Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream 'Works like a Turk,'—that's why you and Bob have such pretty white teeth," said mother.

Colgate Co.
 Est. 1806

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Bronze Membership Pin in
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Send coupon for Clean Teeth
 Chart, which shows how
 children can win this pin.

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 New York, N. Y., Department 217-J
 Please send me FREE a sample of this
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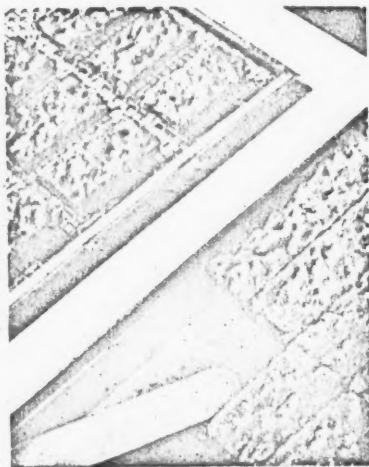
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New Cookies and Snaps



GREAT-AUNT RUTH'S GINGERSNAPS

Sift together $\frac{4}{5}$ cup flour, 1 tablespoon soda, 1 tablespoon ginger, Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Add 1 beaten egg, 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 2 tablespoons cold water. Mix well, add sifted dry ingredients. Stir in as much flour as you can, knead in remainder. Roll, cut in desired shapes. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in moderate oven (350°-375° F.).



MOLASSES-RAISIN- NUT BARS

Sift 2 cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder. Cream $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, beat well. Add 1 beaten egg, mix, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Add alternately sifted dry ingredients and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Add 1 cup chopped nuts, 1 cup chopped raisins or dates. Spread very thinly in shallow pan. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Cut in bars 3 by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Makes 4 dozen.



WHAT appetite-teasing aromas float through the house when mother bakes spicy molasses cookies!

And these scrunchy little cakes are the happiest way to satisfy children's craving for sweets. For molasses is a wholesome, natural sweet, rich in iron and lime.

Real old-time New Orleans molasses—that's Brer Rabbit. With that wonderful old plantation flavor. It is packed in two grades: Gold Label—the highest quality light molasses for table use and fancy cookery. Green label—a rich, full-flavored, dark molasses, especially fine for baking.

94 new recipes FREE . .

Just off the press—A New Brer Rabbit cook book. Mail coupon for FREE copy



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Please send my free copy of "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies," by Ruth Washburn Jordan.

Name

Address

rooms inside the castle, but those glimpses made the children long for a better look.

"It's looking like a real castle in a fairy story!" Georgina said with a sigh.

Mrs. Harcourt gave them little satisfaction when they asked her questions.

"But she goes round looking as if it were the week before Christmas and there were surprises hidden all over the house!" Joie said once.

Then one afternoon the three came into the living room and found Uncle George there, talking with Mrs. Harcourt.

They ran to greet their old friend eagerly and Uncle George's face fairly beamed with pleasure at their greeting.

But a shadow passed over Joie's freckled face. "Have you come to take the cats away?" he asked their visitor.

"No," the old gentleman smiled. "I've come to invite you to come up to the castle with me!"

"Then you haven't sold it?" Joie asked, a sudden light breaking over his face.

"I haven't sold it—and I'm going to live there!" Uncle George assured them.

"It's like a real palace now!" Georgina said a little breathlessly, as they walked through one beautifully-furnished room after another. "It's the loveliest place I've ever seen!"

The old gentleman who held her hand looked down at her with a smile. "Don't you think I'll be very lonely with such a big house for me and the cats and a housekeeper?" he asked the little girl.

Georgina looked up at him seriously. "I hope you won't!" she said. "It's horrid—being lonely!"

"How should you like to come and live with me here in the castle, Georgina?" Uncle George asked her.

Georgina's eyes grew very wide. "But could I? Aunt Maggie—" Suddenly something in the old man's face told her she really could, that Uncle George meant what he said. "It would be like—like a fairy story!" Georgina cried, and she flung her arms round his neck.

"And it really was like a fairy story!" Georgina used to say afterwards. "Because Uncle George was really my very own grandfather—and my mother was the little girl who used to play in the castle. That's why he wanted her picture out of my watch to put with her dolls and things in the little chest. That's why he went away to arrange with Aunt Maggie about my coming to live with him—and right up the hill from John and Joie—happily ever afterwards!"



OUR WORKSHOP

[Continued from page 606]

out of box boards $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick.

A pattern for the upper part of the rudder is shown in Figure 6. Lay out the width and height dimensions as shown, then draw the curve by eye. Cut out the piece, then fasten it along the center of the elevator, driving brads through the elevator into its lower edge. Mount the wing plane upon the upper edge of the fuselage, at the start of the nose taper. Mount the elevator plane so the rudder will line up with the lower portion cut upon the tail of the fuselage. Nail the planes to the fuselage, then brace them with pieces of heavy wire. Bore small holes through the fuselage, wing and elevator, in the places indicated in Figures 3, 4, and 5, and cut the wire braces long enough to run through the fuselage holes, bend up, and stick into the holes in the wing and elevator.

Finish the windows with narrow strips of wood. Tack the strips around the openings, as shown in Figure 1.

Figure 8 shows a detail of a landing wheel. The wheel is made of two large button-molds (Figure 9) tacked together. The strut, or support, is a screw-hook $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. After slipping the wheels on to the struts, place the hooks flat upon the surface of a hatchet or other hard surface, and hammer the hook end until the metal flattens out enough to hold the wheel in place. The tail skid is another screw-hook with its hook hammered straight, then its shank bent into a curve (Figure 10). Start holes in the lower edge of the fuselage with a bradawl, before screwing the hooks into place.

You may wish to carve the propeller blades, but it is easier to build up the propeller as shown in Figure 11. This propeller requires a hub block of the dimensions given in Figure 12. When you have cut the block, saw a slot diagonally across each end, in which to fasten the blades. These slots must run in opposite directions, so the blades will slant correctly (Figures 11 and 13). Bore a hole through the block center for the screw pivot. Cut two blades out of cigar-box wood, following the pattern of Figure 14, and fasten them in the hub slots with brads. Screw the propeller to the nose of the fuselage with a screw that is enough smaller than the hole to permit the propeller to turn freely. Place iron washers between the hub and screw head, and between the hub and nose.

The motor cylinders are easy to make. Drive eight round-headed brass tacks into the nose of the fuselage, as shown in Figure 3; then fill out the tack shanks even with the heads by wrapping them with string or thread.

The best place for the airplane windmill is the top of a clothes post. The windmill must be pivoted to turn with the wind, and the iron cover of an electric light outlet box (Figure 15) makes an excellent base plate. You can buy the box cover at a hardware store. Screw it to the fuselage, driv-



OCTOBER FUN

OCTOBER DAYS are jolly days!

The world is full of fun!

And there are joys for girls and boys,

And *health* for every one.

We children ride our SCOOTER BIKES,

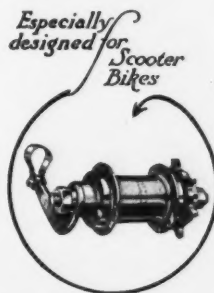
And in all sorts of ways

Those ENDEE COASTER BRAKES add joy

To these October Days.

THE New Departure coaster brake has added so much to the scooter bike and bicycle that all manufacturers are glad to supply wheels equipped with it. This brake is positive yet velvet-smooth in operation and is applied with gentle, back-pedaling pressure which is easy for the smallest child.

When purchasing a bicycle or a scooter bike you will be adding to its value by insisting that it be equipped with this always reliable safety control device.



New Departure
ENDEE
Coaster Brake
BRISTOL CONN.

1291

Adapted and reprinted by permission from John Martin's Book.



This purifying toilet soap guards family health

Removes germs from hands as well as dirt

AS A CAREFUL MOTHER—what better way to guard your loved ones from disease than to warn them against germ-laden hands?

Tell your youngsters why hands can't avoid picking up germs along with dirt. Show them how many times a day our hands *must* touch things where germs may hide—books, toys, door-knobs, money, telephones.

Name for your family some of the 27 germ diseases, listed above, that the Life Extension Institute says hands may spread.

And for greater safety, have your whole family use this delightful, purifying toilet soap—Lifebuoy. Its bland and abundant antiseptic lather removes germs!

Children, men and women too, quickly learn to love Lifebuoy's pleasant *clean* scent which tells you Lifebuoy purifies, and which quickly vanishes as you rinse!

Wonderful for the skin

Lifebuoy also keeps skins fresh and clear by gently purifying pores. Prevents embarrassing body odor. Get Lifebuoy today.

Mail coupon for free Wash-up Chart. Makes a jolly game of keeping hands clean.

LEVER BROS. CO., Cambridge, Mass.

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ing the screw through the center hole. Then fasten it to the post top with two screws, driving these through the outer rim holes.

You will want to paint the model before mounting it. Radiator aluminum paint is best, but you can use bright colors instead, if you prefer. Figure 1 suggests how to letter the name and number of the plane upon the wing tip and fuselage.

You can make this simple airplane windmill simpler yet by omitting the braces, window trim, landing wheels and skid.



LEAFING DAY

(Continued from page 594)

days later he was invited to visit the new camp and this time Priscilla went along, and together they told the whole story. In fact, they told it many times—first to General Washington and his officers, and then to the men whose lives they had saved.

And at dress parade in the camp that afternoon, the children were the guests of honor and reviewed the troops with General Washington. And after the drill was over, the General made an impressive



speech to the soldiers in which he told them of the bravery and wisdom of Joseph and Priscilla and thanked the children on behalf of the whole country for the help which they had given. And after that he mentioned many other brave deeds which the children of the colonies had performed and he said that they had many times proved that they were loyal and true to their country.

And at the very end, General Washington said something so beautiful that Joseph and Priscilla never forgot it.

"You and I," he said earnestly to the soldiers, "may be beaten by the English—it is the chance of war. But while our country has sons and daughters as brave as these children, she can never be conquered!"



SON OF THE DESERT

[Continued from page 601]

his position. A small moon was shining and by its light he could make out objects near him. The Bedouins, sleeping in a little group, lay only a few feet from him. Farther away the camels knelt, all but one, which was moving slowly about in its hobbled fashion. Beyond the robbers the Son of Satan stood, its legs also tied together, its head hanging down and its eyes closed.

Slowly, very slowly, Abdul Aziz began to creep along the ground. He made no sound on the sandy soil as he circled past the sleeping men and came to the donkey. He knew he could go farther and more surely if he took the camel, but he loved the donkey and he chose his friend.

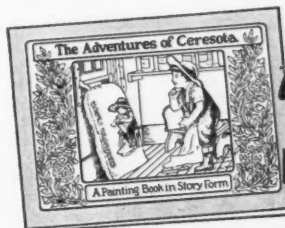
When he had come quite close he stood up quietly, laid his hand on his pet's nose and whispered softly into his long ear. He was in mortal terror lest the Son of Satan should bray, and so lose all. But his fuzzy friend only opened his eyes and looked at him. The boy stooped and, after some difficulty, loosened the rope that tied its feet. Then he put his arm around the donkey's neck and began quietly to lead him to safety.

So they stole away. The cool night covered them and the Bedouins slept on. Presently, when they were out of sight, Abdul Aziz mounted the donkey and urged him to a trot. His pet seemed to understand and, tired as it was, set off smartly towards the north.

After an hour the boy felt that he was safe. He leaned over and spoke to the Son of Satan. "Now," he said, "we are even. I saved your life and now you are saving mine, for without you I could never get home. May Allah reward you as a donkey should be rewarded! And as for me, when I get back I shall buy you five whole kilos of carrots!"

For a while longer they traveled on. But, after all, they were only a boy and a young donkey, and when the small moon had set they were too weary to go farther. So the boy chose a little gully where they would not be noticed and dismounted. Here they both fell sound asleep, and when they waked

[Continued on page 631]



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Easy Baking . . for Junior Cooks



Toss dough onto slightly floured board and roll it to about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Cut rounds with large biscuit cutter. With a smaller cutter, cut out the centers of half these rounds



Brush large rounds with butter or milk, and place a ring on top. Fill with jam or jelly and put into greased pan. Bake in hot oven about 15 minutes

YOU'LL find they are just as good as they look—easy to make, too. Just follow the directions given for biscuit dough as found in the booklet, "Making Biscuits." Then cut and fill the tarts as shown in the two illustrations on this page.

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OUR BOOK FRIENDS

[Continued from page 604]

- Greyhound - - - - - A. B. Greene
The Century Company, New York
Horses, Now and Long Ago - - - Lucy S. Mitchell
Harcourt, Brace & Company, Inc., New York
Hundred Best Animals - - - - - Lillian Gask
Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York
Jim Davis - - - - - John Masefield
Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York
Martin Hyde - - - - - John Masefield
Little, Brown & Company, Boston
New Mexico David - - - - - Charles F. Lummis
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York
Odysseus and The Tale of Troy - - Padraic Colum
The Macmillan Company, New York
Pets: Their History and Care - - L. S. Crandall
New York Zoological Society, New York
Prester John - - - - - John Buchan
Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., New York
Prince and Rover of Cloverfield Farm - Helen F. Orton
Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York
The Skin Horse - - - - - Margery Williams Bianco
Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., New York
Slowcoach - - - - - Edward V. Lucas
The Macmillan Company, New York
Smoky, The Cowhorse - - - - - Will James
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York
Story of the Horse - - - - - William H. Carter
National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.
Story of the Pony Express - - - Glenn D. Bradley
A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago
The Talisman - - - - - Sir Walter Scott
David McKay Company, Philadelphia
To and Again - - - - - Walter R. Brooks
Alfred A. Knopf, New York
Ways of the Wild - - - - - Herbert R. Sass
Minton, Balch & Company, New York
With Spurs of Gold - - - - - Frances N. Greene
Little, Brown & Company, Boston
With Whip and Spur - - - - - Lawton B. Evans
Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass.



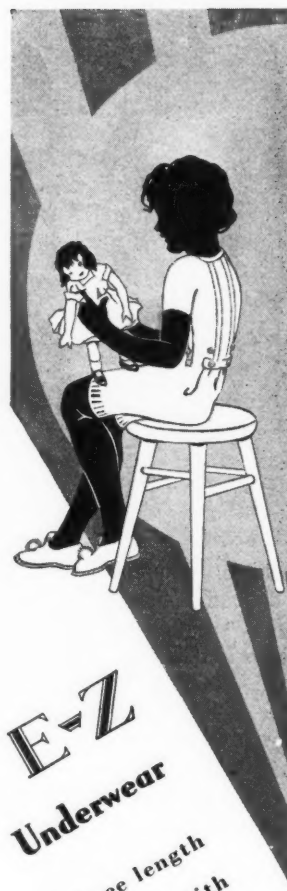
SECRET MESSAGES

By MARION CADDELL

ONE of the players goes out of the room. He returns after a few minutes, and says in quite a mysterious way, "I want to send a secret message to London to ask about the presents they are sending us," or anything else he likes.

Then he gives out twelve letters of the alphabet, one for the beginning of each word, for there are to be twelve words. Every player is given a pencil and paper on which to write the letters, and five minutes are allowed him to compose his message. Some boys and girls make very clever messages.

Afterwards, they are all read out by the player who gave the letters, and a prize is awarded for the best message.



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styles for wear with
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PUMPKIN SEED PUZZLE

By ELEANOR HAMMOND

THE Pumpkin Seed stretched
In his earthy bed,
The Pumpkin Seed wriggled
And scratched his head.

He said, "I feel
It is time to grow,
But first there is something
I want to know!

"A knotty question
Is in my head,
A thing I should like
To decide!" he said.

"When I grow up
Do you think that I
Should be Jack-o'-lantern
Or Pumpkin Pie?"



WILD ANIMAL CONTEST

(Continued from page 617)

HONORABLE MENTION

Charles Kaiser, Indianapolis, Ind.
Luella Springling, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Mary Ellen Cashin, San Jose, Calif.
Catherine Orr, Belgrade, Mont.
Virginia Sheppard, Idaho Falls, Idaho.
Kenneth Wiseman, Grand Island, Neb.
Marie Alice Palmer, Mill Valley, Calif.
James Millward, Colorado Springs, Colo.
Helen Burch, Sheldon, Wis.
Maxine Jones, Quintientos, S. L. P., Mexico.
Anna Piktet, West Suffield, Conn.
Ronsaida Klimaszewski, West Suffield, Conn.
Ruth Conroy, Yoakum, Tex.
Verne N. Rockcastle, Rochester, N. Y.
Jeannette Sharp Ryan, Deal, N. J.
Miriam Prettyman, Dover, Del.
Wanda Bellows, Kimball, Neb.
Helen Kazlowski, West Suffield, Conn.
Harold B. Koch, Willow Springs, Mo.
Tommy Brown, Beloit, Wis.
Jane Homer, Worcester, Mass.
Mary Jane Knowlton, Pacific Palisades, Calif.
Robert Jepson, Springdale, Wash.
Dorothy Plants, Seymour, Tex.
George Thomas Little, Woodford, Me.
Russell E. Prack, Webster Groves, Mo.
Justine Longee, Pittsfield, N. H.
Josephine Kendig, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Ruth Barlow, Longmeadow, Mass.
Theone Nelson, Brighton, Colo.
Joseph Davis, Orting, Wash.
Margaret Crowfoot, Quebec, Can.
Mary Alice Zimmerman, White Cloud, Kan.
Kathryn Graham, McCook, Neb.
Eline Link, Seattle, Wash.
Jane Herrick, Kenosha, Wis.
Sara Hutchins, Watkinsville, Ga.
Oliver Reeder, Baltimore, Md.
John Swanson, Paxton, Ill.
Mary Jane Swaney, Camden Point, Mo.
Marie Sample, Kingman, Kan.
Caroline McGinniss, Cincinnati, O.
Virginia Zimmerman, White Cloud, Kan.
Tom Whitney, Toledo, O.
Julia Carolyn Calhoun, Seville, Fla.
John Ripley, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.
Princess Gloria Sulkowski, Mexico City, Mexico.
Josephine Davidson, Van Buren, Mo.
Sabra Roberts, Washington, D. C.
Ralph Taylor, Glasgow, Mont.
Harry McElwain, Deer Lodge, Mont.
Earl Kotcamp, Jr., Greenup, Ky.
Dalton E. Peterson, Hoopeston, Ill.
Lucille Smith, Manchester, N. H.
Herman H. Siebert, Bronx, N. Y.
Mary Elizabeth Nissly, Florin, Pa.
Nina Poor McLellan, Lexington, Mass.
William Taylor, Sharon, Pa.
Frederic Kottke, Windom, Minn.
Charles Burkhard, Tempe, Ariz.
Mary Ingle, Bloomfield, N. J.
Bonita Tally, Winthrop, Ia.
Rosamund Riley, Worcester, Mass.



... "Even if it is Hallow'en," bravely shouts Farina...

This mysterious Madagascar Tommy has eyes that shine in the dark. The rims of his Ears, his little white Claws and even the tip of his astonishing Tail are Luminous.

When you try to hide him in any darkened room or beneath your arm under your coat he glows in colors, always after you let him see the sun or any bright light for a moment.

He's just lots of fun. Don't you want him in your TWISTUM Zoo?



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LET US DRAW

By ETHEL M. RICE

Let us draw a circle neat;
'Tis an orange, nice and sweet!



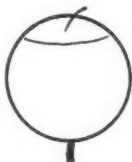
If this line we add, you see,
Then an apple it will be.



Add a curving line, this way;
"O, so easy," you will say.



Then let's add a little stick.
You should draw it rather thick.



Eyes, nose, mouth—see how
they're done!
Only three lines in each one.



Such a strange face may be
seen
Only when it's Halloween!



How to Circumvent a 6 year old



IF your youngsters balk a bit at the daily cereal—here's a quick and clever way to make them eat it gaily!

—Mix a few sliced dates into the cereal, hot or cold—

Youthful objections are quickly stilled—for dates are the best and most healthful of sugar plums.

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Be certain to insist on Dromedary Dates—not for our sake, but for your own. Cleanliness is important to you and Dromedary Cleanliness is absolute.

Send for the Dromedary Book containing many new ways to serve this delicious fruit for party salads, quick breads, whip and stuffed confections. It will be a great source of help when you really need a new touch to some party, luncheon or tea. Wouldn't you like a copy?

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SON OF THE DESERT

[Continued from page 627]

the sun was already high in the heavens.

The donkey breakfasted on some young cactus that grew beside the way, but Abdul Aziz, who had had no supper the night before, was ravenously hungry. He felt a corner of his bournous where he had tied up a franc before leaving camp, and found to his delight that it was still safe. The Bedouins had not thought it worth while to search him. But the franc could not be used to-day if he was to eat on the white salt lake. So he begged a bit of Arab bread and some carrots from an obliging farmer's wife in a place where there was water.

Then they set out on the long way home.

A little after noon the boy saw on the horizon the great ruined building which had made him so curious the day before. "This time I shall look at it," said Abdul Aziz to himself, and steered towards it across the plain.

But it was farther away than it looked and it kept retreating uncomfortably before them, so that the sun had almost set before they reached it. Seen against the sunset glow the great gaunt arches, set in a huge oval, seemed to reach into the sky, making the cluster of squat Arab houses around its base look not much higher than toadstools.

The people who lived in the houses must all have been at supper, for the boy saw no one, and he and the Son of Satan trotted up unnoticed to a great hole on one side where the arches were broken down. Here there was a barbed wire, but the two of them slipped under it and went in.

Abdul Aziz looked. And suddenly he seemed to himself to shrink, to grow small and most insignificant. The place was so gigantic, and so lonely.

In it, when it was new, sixty thousand people could sit on great banks of marble seats, crowned by the gaunt arches, to watch tremendous spectacles in the arena below. Here gladiators fought, chariot races were run, and tawny African lions showed their prowess. For this second Coliseum was built by the ancient Romans centuries ago when they conquered and ruled all North Africa. And then it did not stand, as it does to-day, in an arid plain, for this same plain was green with gardens, while cities and villages rose on every side, which centuries ago were swallowed by the drought and the sand.

All this history Abdul Aziz could not know. But he did see that the great banks of seats were for countless people to sit upon, and that something must have taken place in the level open space in the center. "I expect," said the boy to himself, "it was the Caliph's wedding."

But now, crumbling and falling into ruin, in the red light of the sunset glow, the great amphitheater seemed like something more than mortal,

as though a race of giants had sported here. And it was lonely with a great loneliness, the loneliness of the dead past as well as of the living present.

Abdul Aziz' breath came a little short and he held his head very high as he walked with the Son of Satan into the arena. The little donkey's hoofs rang sharp in the stillness and a flight of bats whirled about them in the twilight.

But the boy was not to be daunted. He tied the donkey to a stone and set out to explore the ruins. He scrambled over the seats and mounted crumbling staircases. He went down vaulted hallways, and under the floor of the whole he peered gingerly into dark passageways and little cells which must have been dark even at noonday. Now in the dusk and the silence they were doubly strange and eerie. He wondered what the people could have been like who used these passages; and he shivered a little as a twilight bat whirled out of the darkness and brushed against him,

But in the open space in the center, where the moon shone and his golden donkey stood waiting, his courage returned.

"Son of Satan," he said, "here we shall pass the night. For if we go into the village people will ask questions, and I do not care to see any more strange people now."

So he looked about for a place to sleep. But, because the floor was uneven and cumbered with broken masonry, he could not at first find a comfortable spot. At last, however, under an archway he found a level space. He hobbled his donkey's feet, wrapped himself in his bournous and lay down. And so little was he disturbed by his strange bedroom that he went to sleep at once!

When he waked the first gray streak of dawn was showing in the east. He rose stiffly and stretched himself. Then he looked about for the Son of Satan. But the donkey was nowhere to be seen. Abdul Aziz wandered about the ruins, calling. If he had lost his pet he would be lost indeed.

Then, from a passageway to the right, he heard a thud and a rattle of stones. Quickly he ran in that direction. There in the dusky passage he saw the Son of Satan kicking up his heels in his morning gambol, and out of pure sport trying his hoofs against the piles of rubble on the flooring. As the boy came near the heels thrashed again and he heard a sharp crack like that made by broken pottery. He glanced downward, and the breath almost stopped in his body.

There among the crumbling rubble lay the broken pieces of an ancient pottery jar, and on the ground, in a gleaming shower, lay dozens and dozens of gold pieces, big thick shining gold pieces. And on each of them was the head and superscription of a Roman emperor gone to dust these many centuries.

[Chapter V of "Son of the Desert" will appear in the November issue of "Child Life."]

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With patterns.



WHEN the twins, Jean and Janice, arrived at the Halloween party in their crisp yellow organdy dresses, every goblin there wanted to meet them. They had such a wonderful time; nine o'clock came far too soon.

Even going home from a party is nice when you have

a new coat to put on—and your mother promises that you may surely wear your new flowered challis dress to kindergarten next day.

Pattern No: 6184—4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years.

Pattern No: 6070—4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years.

Pattern No: 6182—3 sizes: 2, 3 and 4 years.

All patterns are 20 cents each from CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

THE GIGGLE GHOST!

By John Dukes McKee



DIRECTIONS

MOUNT the page on cardboard. An old shoe box or cereal carton will do. Make up all the pieces, following heavy black outlines. Assemble pieces, as shown in the small sketches. Take a strong black thread and needle, knot the thread and run it through the pieces at the places indicated by black spots. Now knot at back, leaving room

for pieces to swing freely. Run another piece of thread several feet long through black spot at top of pumpkin, and then tie. Hold the Giggle Ghost by this thread, against a dark wall or curtain. Now just jiggle him gently up and down and he will do a wiggly, giggly dance for you.



A constant guardian of health

At last! underwear for baby that's warm enough for wear outdoors—comfortable enough for indoors. Duofold! a unique underwear—an entirely different material. Made of two thin, separate layers. The *outer* layer contains wool for warmth and protection. The *inner* layer is made entirely of soft cotton—no wool can touch or irritate the tender skin.

Buy Duofold for your baby Today! It's a most practical way of preventing colds apt to follow sudden temperature changes. Ask your dealer for Duofold—a constant guardian of your baby's health. Duofold Health Underwear Company, Mohawk, N. Y.

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ENCYCLOPEDIA

By FRANCIS HILL GAINES

IF I teach you *Encyclopedia Game*, you'll have to really think," said Aunt Eva. "Do you want to try it?"

"You bet!" said the twins.

"Very well," said Aunt Eva, "I'll begin, by giving the name of some famous person or place beginning with A, and telling a little about it. Athens, capital of Greece.

"Arthur, king of England, founder of the Round Table," shouted Bob.

"Amazons, war-like women who fought in battles as bravely as the men," contributed Betsy.

"Alfred the Great of England!" exclaimed both twins at once.

"Have you more A's ready?" asked Aunt Eva, "or shall we go on to the B's? It's easier, at first, to pass on quickly, so I'll change to B. Balboa, who discovered the Pacific Ocean."

"Ben Franklin, who found out about electricity coming from the lightning, and did lots of other things," called Bob.

"No fair! Franklin should come under F, shouldn't he, Auntie?" cried Betsy.

"Yes, he should, Bob."

"All right then, Bonaparte, French general and emperor."

"Bethlehem," said Betsy, "where Jesus was born. I can't wait for the C's, Auntie. I know so many!"

"Let's start them then. Charlemagne, the great emperor," began Aunt Eva.

"Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt."

"Caesar, Roman General."

"Christopher Columbus!"

They paused for breath, as they heard Uncle Tom's voice below calling Aunt Eva.

"I expect you'll have so much practice that next time I come you can beat me," said Auntie, as she said good-bye. And the last thing she heard was the jubilant shouting of many famous D's.

"Daniel in the lion's den."

"Sir Francis Drake."

"Dickens, who wrote 'David Copperfield' and a lot more books."

"Diana, goddess of hunting."

Do you know any more?

With the Gently Laxative and Highly Nutritious Bran— brown rice



It's delicious!

This tasteful nut-flavored mellow brown bran, in breakfast flakes and other rice dishes, is a storehouse of life elements—four vitamins, nine mineral salts, iodine. It contains lysine, the element of growth.

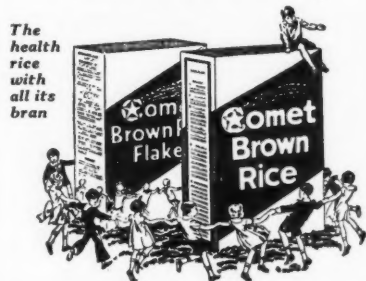
It is the gently laxative bran, and more. For Brown Rice supplies food values deficient in other dishes and corrects diet by balancing it with the lacking elements. Tender, very digestible, Brown Rice does not "rough" the intestines.

Base the child's diet and your diet on Comet Brown Rice grown from pedigreed, developed seed, sterilized by the exclusive Comet Hot Pan Process and supplied in air-tight packages so every grain is perfectly protected.

—and glorious golden COMET BROWN RICE FLAKES

This is the all-year breakfast that regulates and feeds as it regulates. It is brown rice, with all its valuable elements, flaked for breakfast use. It puts snap and vigor into the child's play and school work. Serve as usual. The rich taste and crispness of these flakes win the children instantly.

Send Coupon for Brown and White Rice Recipe Booklet. (Special scientific literature furnished to physicians and nurses, and to institutions treating intestinal and nervous disorders.)



COMET RICE COMPANY

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Please send me your Comet Rice Recipe Book of "best dishes" collected by your Home Dietetics Department for both Brown and White Rice, hot pan processed, and describing the many health virtues of Comet Brown Rice and Comet Brown Rice Flakes.

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CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

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For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to
CHILD LIFE

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, Editor

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

LEAVES

Little hands of nature clapping in the breeze,
Tell us what the joy is 'way up in the trees.
Tell us birdies' secrets as they come and go
Then we'll join your gladness, for we all
shall know.

Red leaves, gold leaves, dancing and flying,
Happily playing;
Bright leaves, light leaves!
Winter has come again.
Summer has gone, winds must be blowing,
Leaves must be falling.
Softly, slowly, gently to sleep they go.

BARBARA ALLAN,
Burlingame, Calif.

Dear Miss Waldo:

Last summer I went up to Washington, D. C., on a trip to visit my aunt. I walked up the Washington monument. I went to the White House. I saw George Washington's home. I saw them make some dollar bills; I saw the Lincoln Memorial; I saw the Red Cross Building.

I went to a park where they had rides. I went to the Zoo and it took almost a whole day to see all the animals and birds. I went through two museums and saw Roosevelt's collection of animals, also the flag that the "Star Spangled Banner" was written about. I also visited the Capitol Building, Library, Art Galleries and Soldier's Home.

I live on a lake. I can swim and dive and row a boat.

MARY ALICE RAUSCH,
Orlando, Fla.



ELIZABETH BERG

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have been taking the "Child Life" magazine since the first one was printed, December, 1921, and have every copy except one which was lost. In the summer we are up here and in the winter time we are in Chicago.

I have read all the Halloween stories in the 1925, 1926 and 1927 issues, and enjoy every copy. I am going to be a witch in our Halloween program at school.

I am sending my picture taken here in the woods.

ELIZABETH BERG,
Haugen, Wis.

GHOSTIE, GHOSTIE, GHOSTIE

Ghostie, Ghostie, Ghostie,
Ghost of Halloween!
Oh, how fearful you do look
In your silver sheen!
How you fool the children
In your robes of white,
Shining in the darkness
Gleaming in the night!
Ghostie, Ghostie, Ghostie,
Ghost of Halloween.

BETTY QUIRIN,
Woodbury, N. J.

Age 9.

A BROWNIE STORY

Once upon a time there were ten little brownies. These ten little brownies were nice to each other. They were going to help people scare the crows away.

And while they were helping a man came along and thought the brownies were some naughty little birds and came out and scared them away.

The brownies came the next day. But this day the farmer's boy had set a trap—a box trap. And one of the ten little brownies got caught and the other nine went away and never came back. The boy took the trap in and he found a brownie.

He was so sorry and the brownie said in a wee voice, "I was chasing the crows away." The boy let him go, and after that the brownies came and chased away the crows.

RUTH BOYD,
Geneva, Ill.

Age 9.



A constant guardian of health

At last! underwear for baby that's warm enough for wear outdoors—comfortable enough for indoors. Duofold! a unique underwear—an entirely different material. Made of two thin, separate layers. The *outer* layer contains wool for warmth and protection. The *inner* layer is made entirely of soft cotton—*no wool can touch or irritate the tender skin.*

Buy Duofold for your baby Today! It's a most practical way of preventing colds apt to follow sudden temperature changes. Ask your dealer for Duofold—a constant guardian of your baby's health. Duofold Health Underwear Company, Mohawk, N. Y.

In mixtures of wool, rayon, cotton, etc.

Duofold

*Health Underwear
for babies and children*

Duofold Health Underwear Company,
Mohawk, N. Y.

Please send me The Story of Duofold, and a sample of the Duofold material—both free.

Name.....

Address..... City..... State.....

I shop at.....

ENCYCLOPEDIA

By FRANCIS HILL GAINES

IF I teach you *Encyclopedia Game*, you'll have to really think," said Aunt Eva. "Do you want to try it?"

"You bet!" said the twins.

"Very well," said Aunt Eva, "I'll begin, by giving the name of some famous person or place beginning with A, and telling a little about it. Athens, capital of Greece.

"Arthur, king of England, founder of the Round Table," shouted Bob.

"Amazons, war-like women who fought in battles as bravely as the men," contributed Betsy.

"Alfred the Great of England!" exclaimed both twins at once.

"Have you more A's ready?" asked Aunt Eva, "or shall we go on to the B's? It's easier, at first, to pass on quickly, so I'll change to B. Balboa, who discovered the Pacific Ocean."

"Ben Franklin, who found out about electricity coming from the lightning, and did lots of other things," called Bob.

"No fair! Franklin should come under F, shouldn't he, Auntie?" cried Betsy.

"Yes, he should, Bob."

"All right then, Bonaparte, French general and emperor."

"Bethlehem," said Betsy, "where Jesus was born. I can't wait for the C's, Auntie. I know so many!"

"Let's start them then. Charlemagne, the great emperor," began Aunt Eva.

"Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt."

"Caesar, Roman General."

"Christopher Columbus!"

They paused for breath, as they heard Uncle Tom's voice below calling Aunt Eva.

"I expect you'll have so much practice that next time I come you can beat me," said Auntie, as she said good-bye. And the last thing she heard was the jubilant shouting of many famous D's.

"Daniel in the lion's den."

"Sir Francis Drake."

"Dickens, who wrote 'David Copperfield' and a lot more books."

"Diana, goddess of hunting."

Do you know any more?

With the *Gently Laxative*
and *Highly Nutritious Bran*—

brown rice



It's delicious!

This tasteful nut-flavored mellow brown bran, in breakfast flakes and other rice dishes, is a storehouse of life elements—four vitamins, nine mineral salts, iodine. It contains lysine, the element of growth.

It is the gently laxative bran, and more. For Brown Rice supplies food values deficient in other dishes and corrects diet by balancing it with the lacking elements. Tender, very digestible, Brown Rice does not "rough" the intestines.

Base the child's diet and your diet on Comet Brown Rice grown from pedigreed, developed seed, sterilized by the exclusive Comet Hot Pan Process and supplied in air-tight packages so every grain is perfectly protected.

—and glorious golden

COMET BROWN RICE FLAKES

This is the all-year breakfast that regulates and feeds as it regulates. It is brown rice, with all its valuable elements, flaked for breakfast use. It puts snap and vigor into the child's play and school work. Serve as usual. The rich taste and crispness of these flakes win the children instantly.

Send Coupon for Brown and White Rice Recipe Booklet. (Special scientific literature furnished to physicians and nurses, and to institutions treating intestinal and nervous disorders.)

The
health
rice
with
all its
bran



COMET RICE COMPANY
189 Q. Franklin Street, New York City

Please send me your Comet Rice Recipe Book of "best dishes" collected by your Home Dietetics Department for both Brown and White Rice, hot pan processed, and describing the many health virtues of Comet Brown Rice and Comet Brown Rice Flakes.

NAME

ADDRESS



CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

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RUTH BOYD,
Geneva, Ill.

Age 9.



Make the Harmonica YOUR "Musical Pal"

MILLIONS of girls and boys have found the harmonica a most delightful "pal" for their hours of leisure—and have discovered that it greatly increases their popularity among their friends.

It is so easy to play this instrument that in a short time *anyone* can render correctly not only the beloved melodies of school and camp, but also the latest popular songs fresh from Broadway.

Unless you can play the harmonica, you are just not "keeping up with the times." *Today is the day to get started!* In a short time you will play as well as the next "fellow."

Send now for the free instruction book offered below. You will be amazed and delighted at the ease with which you can master the simple fundamentals and the quickness with which you will be ready to play favorite selections.

If you have already acquired the "knack" of playing, carry your accomplishment further by learning to perform on the famous "Chromonica." This is the only harmonica which includes the half-tones, and thus enables you to play any and every selection in any scale.

Ask your teacher, club leader or Scout-Master to help you start a harmonica band. Tell them to write us for our special brochure, giving full directions for this work. This is sent only to adults in authority.

M. HOHNER, Inc., 114 East 16th St.
Dept. 540-K
New York



Grand Prize Awarded
HOHNER HARMONICAS
At Sesqui-Centennial
Exposition, 1926

FREE
INSTRUCTION
book, fully illustrated.
Use the coupon to ask
for it.



M. HOHNER, Inc.
114 E. 16th St., Dept. 540-K, New York
Please send free Instruction Book

Name.....
Address.....

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Yellowstone Park is in Wyoming. The forest is mainly in Idaho. The area of the park is 5,000 square miles.

One of the famous geysers of Yellowstone Park is "Old Faithful." It erupts every sixty-five minutes and throws a stream of water one hundred twenty feet into the air.

The Paint Pots of Yellowstone are large holes in the ground. There are about two hundred altogether. Boiling mud is in them. The reason they call them Paint Pots is because the boiling mud looks like thick paint and is all colors of the rainbow.

You can imagine how the steam from the mud looks through the pine trees. There is a strip of land with pines on either side, with boiling mud shooting up like bullets.

Another famous geyser of Yellowstone is The Black Dragon. It roars like a lion. The rock has formed a formation looking like a "Black Dragon."

Yellowstone Lake, one of many, is a magnificent sheet of water.

At "Big Springs" is the mouth of Snake River. It is a beautiful river.

Many people may think the park is a regular zoo with the animals in cages, but it is entirely different. At the town of Yellowstone are the gates. You buy your ticket for the year; it is good for the year if you go in the same car. The fence that surrounds the park begins at Yellowstone (a town).

Some of the animals are tame. They run about as if they weren't even in a park. You may feed them if you like. You can see elk, deer, antelope, bear, buffalo, bison, and many different kinds of birds, and the most beautiful wild flowers you can imagine.

VERNETTE BOYLE,
Reno, Nevada.

Age 9.



WALTER WITTECK

Dear Miss Waldo:

Where I live in Butler N. J. there are lots of mountains. I have a dog and a tomcat, a black one and a baby tiger one. I am sending you my class picture. I have a lot of freckles and can't remove them.

Your new friend,

WALTER WITTECK,
Butler, N. J.

Age 9.

Dear Miss Waldo:

Our country has coyotes. My father has caught two this year.

Our country is surrounded by mountains. I live close to the Yellowstone National Park. They close it every winter. They have bears and geysers. They also have a handkerchief pool that you put your handkerchiefs in and they go down to the bottom and come up clean.

Yours truly,
WILMA WEBBER,
Trannie, Wyo.

Age 11.



Start A Business In Your Home

MISS MARY SOUTHARD, 59 Elm Street, Rutland, Vermont, made \$25.47 during her spare time in one month last year, through handling Child Life subscriptions. She saw possibilities in Child Life subscription work in 1922 and now has a substantial business. Each year she follows up her renewals carefully besides adding new subscriptions.

Miss Southard writes,

"I began taking subscriptions to Child Life when it was just a baby and have followed its steps ever since. It has been a good business proposition for me. I have enjoyed the work, having a personal interest in Child Life and the children whose subscriptions I have secured."

A Business For You

Child Life can be "a good business proposition" for you, too. Part time workers make from \$5.00 to \$50.00 a month in taking subscriptions to Child Life. Many of these are busy mothers, or teachers, who have only a few hours a week for the work.

We should like to tell you personally about our plan for starting a business of your own in your home.

CHILD LIFE SUBSCRIPTION CLUB
536 South Clark Street,
Chicago, Illinois
NAN McCULLOCH, Secretary.

Please tell me how to start a business in my home.

Name

Address

City..... State

THE MOON IN AUTUMN

Oh, great big, yellow moon,
Above October grains;
You're never seen at noon
Nor ever when it rains.

You're big and round and bright
When Halloween comes 'round;
You're shining all the night
And never make a sound.

And when I go to bed
I see you at your height;
But then I have to say,
"Good night, good night, good night!"

BARBARA JEANNETTE SMITH,
Anoka, Minn.



ELSIE SCHMOOK

SCHOOL IS OUT TO-DAY

The teacher's bell is ringing,
School is out to-day.
We shall play no longer
At school to-day.

LOUISE SCHMOOK,
Springfield, Mo.

Written at age 4.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have bought my magazine every month for about five years and I think it is the best magazine.

I have just returned from Europe where I went to visit my grandparents in Denmark with my parents. We stayed in London several days and saw many interesting places. I think England and Denmark are beautiful countries but I like America best.

We came home on the Aquitania. One could never dream a boat could be so beautiful. On our way home my Daddy bought me a pony. In two years we are going across again and visit all the different countries.

I love my magazine and everything in it, especially the Joy Givers' Club, where you get acquainted with all the children all over the world. I think it creates a binding friendship which will mean good citizenship everywhere in the world which later will probably mean a united friendship here and over across the sea.

Love from your friend and Joy Giver,

VERA C. ANDERSEN,
Minot, N. D.

Age 11.

REAL LITTLE GIRLS!
Amfelt Art Dolls
Colorful Costumes—Washable Faces

Cost
\$1.00 \$2.00 \$3.00 \$5.00 \$7.00
ASK YOUR DEALER

—And
The Loveliest Baby Doll
is the Vanta Baby

Just Like A Real Live Baby!

Your Dealer Will Show You **Vanta Baby**

Dressed in Real **Vanta** Garments
"NO PINS, NO BUTTONS"

Any dealer—"Wherever dolls are sold"—should have it. If not, send us the coupon below.

DETAILS—Three largest dolls have finest Organdie Dress and cap, silk ribbons and laces, petty, and **VANTA** panties (all tied with **VANTA** tape);—silky socks, hand made moccasins. Gold tag, gift card, Dolly Record Book, and guarantee slip with each Doll.

RETAILS FOR
10 inches—In **VANTA** Pants; and Shirt... \$1.00
11 inches—Dressed (frock, cap, shoes, socks) 2.00
14½ inches (All these dolls are completely) 4.50
15 inches—dressed, with **VANTA** Pant... 7.00
22 inches—(ties, and have Baby Rattles.) 10.00

IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU, SEND US COUPON BELOW.

FREE Your dealer will supply you **FREE** with a **Dolly Record Book** for the stories of your dollies. If he has no more, send us the coupon below.

AMBERG DOLLS
The World Standard

LOUIS AMBERG & SON
869 Broadway New York, N. Y.



LOUIS AMBERG & SON, 869-A, Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Enclosed is \$1.00 ☐ \$2.00 ☐ \$4.50 ☐ \$7.00 ☐ \$10.00 (check which) for which please have delivered **VANTA BABY** of size and style specified. Please send me **FREE** copy of your **AMBERG DOLLY RECORD BOOK**.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

DEALER'S NAME.....

WANT SOME MONEY?

Here's A Wonderful
Way To Get It!

Yes, you can—anybody can make a lot of money right at home, and what's more, have real fun doing it. We show you how, we furnish everything necessary on an easy basis.

COSTS NOTHING to learn about our given you free. Write today for beautifully illustrated idea book telling all about our methods which have made so many women independent. Learn how easy it is to make from \$10 to \$25 per week in the most delightful home work you can imagine.

Write Now—It's **FREE!**

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Dept. 9-P, Adrian, Mich.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES

Dept. 9-P - Adrian, Mich.

Please send me, **FREE**, the book on Fireside Industries showing how to earn money at home by decorating Giftwares.

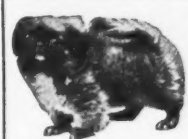


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Address

City..... State.....

DOGS



PEKINGESE

Largest and best appointed kennels in world. Puppies—all ages, colors. Will send C.O.D. \$25 up.

Send for pictures

Also dog remedies

MRS. MABEL HAXTER
Telephone 418
Great Neck, L. I.

Hannaford Police Dog Kennels

70 Police Puppies, Papers Furnished. Strongheart Bloodlines. Females \$12.50. Males \$20.00. Bred Females \$65.00. Grown Males \$50.00. Shipper C. O. D. on Approval

THOMAS H. DAILEY Hannaford, N. Dakota

Collies—Fox Terriers—Bulls—Setters—Pointers
Puppies all two months old. Pure breeds, true types of any kind. Males \$12, Females \$7 each. Order direct from this ad. State kind wanted and remit.

DARNALL'S CLOVERDALE FARM
Williamston, S. C.

OUR SERVICE

If you are interested in a dog, we will be glad to answer any questions about them such as what dogs make the best companions, their approximate cost, and if you like, we will recommend the best kennels near your home.

Just write to:

CHILD LIFE Dog Department,
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

I may buy a dog. Tell your advertisers to write to me.

I prefer a grown dog ☐ A puppy ☐

We have.....children in our home. Ages.....

Name

Street

City..... State.....

Mother!



A New Scientific Toothpaste— Especially for Children

EVERY dentist will tell you that proper care of teeth during the early formative years—infancy to 14—is more important than at any time in later years. If the first set are neglected, they will decay and fall out too early, the jaw will shrink, and the second set will come in crookedly.

Jack and Jill Tooth Paste is based on a new, scientific formula especially for children. Cleansing fruit juices of ripe, red apples are combined with a newly discovered, ideal tooth enamel polisher—a vegetable fiber! None of the harsh ingredients of adult tooth pastes—no soap, no grit—nothing to scratch or injure the child's delicate tooth enamel. Leaves young teeth beautifully white, thoroughly protected, and perfectly polished.

The inviting tang of licorice flavor makes children like to brush their teeth morning and night with Jack and Jill. It is ideally safe for them. Get a tube of this special children's tooth paste to-day and let the children use it right away.

Not yet on sale at all drug stores. Order by coupon below.



Tested and Approved by Child Life

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

This coupon is worth 10c. to 40c.

Jack and Jill Health Products, Inc.
Dept. 2 C.L., 576 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith

☐ 25c for 1 large size 35c tube or
☐ \$1. for 4 large size 35c tubes, of Jack and Jill Tooth-paste for Children postage prepaid.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

BOYS & GIRLS EARN XMAS MONEY

Send for 30 CHRISTMAS PACKAGES. Each package containing 48 assorted Christmas Seals, Cards, Tags, etc. Sell for 10c. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.50. Or send for 30 Christmas Greeting Card packages. Each package containing 3 cards and 3 envelopes. Sell for 10c. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.50. We trust you. Send ½, keep ¼.

CHRISTMAS CARD CO. Dept. 4 BEVERLY, MASS.

Cuticura Soap Best for Baby

Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. E, Malden, Mass.

OCTOBER

October is the nicest month
In all the year around.
It makes the leaves turn scarlet
And flutter to the ground.

There is one night in this nice month
Queer faces may be seen.
And if you guess right, you will say,
"That night is Halloween!"

FLORENCE ESLIN,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Child Life:

I live in Samoa. This is my picture. I like to dress like Samoans in a lava-lava. This is bread fruit I am holding. It grows on big trees. The natives eat it.

RAYMOND HUNT,
U. S. Naval Station,
Tutuila, Samoa.



RAYMOND HUNT

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live on the farm and love the farm. I go to a country school of fourteen children, which may seem rather small to some of your readers, but we have lots of fun. The school is situated right in some hills and in the winter we coast down them on toboggans. Sometimes we get wet. This morning my brother and I almost upset going to school. I stood on one runner of the cutter to keep it from going over, and my brother was thrown out, but did not get hurt. We cannot travel on the roads at all.

My mother is going away in the morning, and I will have all the cooking to do, but I do not mind when I have my "Child Life" recipes to use. Mother has given us a surprise two or three times by making something she saw in the magazine.

There has been cold weather here in Canada this winter. I have frozen my wrists and cheeks this week, but I do not mind.

I would like to have a letter from any "Child Life" reader, and would be glad to answer any questions about my country and myself that I could.

LOLA L. ST. JOHN,
Riverhurst, Sask., Canada.



Christmas Giving Made Easy!

THE newest Wright Sewing Book is waiting to help you in your happy task of gift making! Filled from cover to cover with new things for you to make. New things to wear. New things for the home. All sorts of good-looking new things to give away. Things easy to make and inexpensive. Many of the designs are shown in actual color, like the smart new tape trimmed smock on the cover. It's the best book we've ever done!

SEND 10c IN STAMPS

for your copy. We'll include, free of charge, a 3-yard length of Wright's percale Bias Fold Tape, Quality 22 A, "fast to every use" in your choice of any one of the following colors: Nile, Pink, Yellow, Linen, Gray, Light Blue, Orange, Red, Navy, Yale Blue, Emerald, Lavender, Old Rose, Copenhagen, Tan, Reseda Green, Brown, Peach, Gold, Black, White. Which color will you select?

WM. E. WRIGHT & SONS CO., MFRS.
Dept. 158, ORANGE, N. J.

WRIGHT'S BIAS FOLD TAPE

Build a ... Real Model AUTOMOBILE

THIS is a real model motor car in every way; with a real three speed forward and reverse gear shift, friction clutch, differential, steering mechanism, internal-expanding brakes, etc! You can build it yourself with your own hands.

Or, if you prefer, you can make a scale model of a High Speed Ship Cooler that will actually load coal, or of a tri-motored, mail AIRPLANE that works. We will send you an easily understood instruction booklet for any one of these models you prefer, free. These booklets usually cost 10c each. If you want all three, send 20c. All you have to do is to send us your name and address and that of three of your friends, telling us which booklet you prefer. This is a wonderful chance. Act now!

MECCANO COMPANY, INC.
DIV. G-1, ELIZABETH, N. J.

THIS OFFER WORTH 10¢

JUNIOR SPORT SHOP, INC.

424 Madison Ave.
NEW YORK CITY
STELLA D. KISCH

Outfitters for Schools
Colleges and Camps

FLAPPER PANTS, MIDDIES
BLOOMERS, SWEATERS

Send for Booklet "D"





Whose Fault When Children Disobey?

BRINGING up children—making them into the right kind of men and women—is about the most important thing in life. Think how much is at stake—the whole future of these precious little lives! Whether we can be proud of our boys and girls—both while they are growing up and after they are grown—depends more upon intelligent handling than upon inheritance. Far more depends upon the qualities we help our children acquire than upon the qualities they are born with.

Recently there has been developed a system of child training which is founded upon the latest principles endorsed by leading national authorities. It accomplishes results never dreamed of by the average parent—results which forever banish disobedience, willfulness and untruthfulness with their consequent worry, strain and nervous fatigue.

Do You Know How to instruct children in the delicate matters of sex? to obtain cheerful obedience always? to correct mistakes of early training? to keep a child from crying? to develop initiative in a child? to teach children instantly to comply with command—“Don’t touch”? to suppress temper in children without punishment? to teach punctuality? Perseverance? Carefulness? to overcome obstinacy? These are only a few of the hundreds of questions fully answered and explained.

FREE BOOK
We shall be glad to send you free of charge our new booklet, “New Methods in Child Training,” together with full particulars of the work of the Parents Association and the special benefits it offers to members.

If this booklet answers a few of the questions that have perplexed you, you will be glad that you sent for it. It is showing thousands of sincere American mothers the easy and right way to train their children. And it is only a matter of sending a post card.

The Parents Association
Dept. 9810, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

ROLL ON Rubber~
With “Our Gang”

“Our Gang” may be full of tricks, but they are also wise little rascals. That’s why they picked the roller skates with the fast ball-bearing wheels, and the hard composition Rubber Tires that outwear steel wheels—the famous

Hal Roach’s
“Our Gang”

“CHICAGO” Rubber Tire Roller Skates “Speed Without Noise”

Get this Pin

Send 10 cents membership fee and join the “Roll on Rubber Club”; get free gold finish club pin, certificate, and booklet “How to Roller Skate.” Also directions for starting local skating club.

Chicago Roller Skate Co.
Established Over 20 Years
4455 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

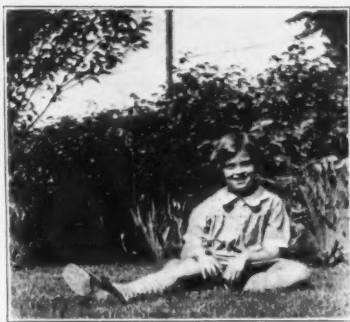
No. 181
Super
Skate
for Boys
and Girls



MY DREAM

Last night I dreamt a fairy dream,
The fairies sang a merry tune,
They all did feast on strawberry cream,
And danced thereafter under the moon.

ELIZABETH REGENT PLATT,
Age 8. Danville, Ill.



ELIZABETH R. PLATT

Dear Miss Waldo:

Last winter I went to Egypt. I rode a camel and saw the sphinx and pyramids. One night I camped in the desert. After supper the servant moved the table out of the way and four men came in. Two were playing whistles, one a tambourine and the last one was playing a tom-tom. They played and danced. The next morning we went to the hotel.

Age 9.

MARY POTTER,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dear Miss Waldo:

This year I got my magazine as a Christmas present. I always read every word in it. I enjoy every story, especially, “Billy and the Bag,” and “The Hide-and-Seek House.” I rode a big alligator at Los Angeles two years ago.

Our school is going to have an operetta named “The Forest Court,” and I am an owl. The room mothers of the P. T. A. are making the costumes for all talking parts.

In our room we have an honor roll and



TERENCE SULLIVAN

we get a cross for every paper that has 100 per cent on it and as soon as we get five white ones we get a blue one, when we get five blues we get a red, when we get five reds we get a gold star, and at the end of the year the boy and girl who has the most crosses gets a prize. I am ahead of the class so far because I have a gold and a red and four whites.

Age 8.

TERENCE SULLIVAN,
Lakeside, Calif.



“The Life of the Halloween Party”

KANGRU-SPRINGSHU

Ghosts—witches—goblins—tick-tacks are twice as much fun on Kangru-Springshus. They go on like roller skates—can be used indoors or outside—Oh-boy the fun there is in running, and bouncing on Kangru-Springshus.



Price \$3

Add 50c West of Rockies

Show this ad to your Dealer

If he can't supply you—send coupon

LITTLEFIELD MFG. CO.
704 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed is P. O. Money Order Express Money Order for \$.....
Please send pairs Rubber Sole Kangru-Springshus with the understanding that this money will be refunded if not satisfactory.

Name Age
Address Weight
City State

HELP YOUR CHILDREN MAKE STAMP COLLECTING A USEFUL HOBBY

The collecting of postage stamps by children is recognized by teachers as a valuable aid, not only in the study of history, geography, national customs, currencies and the like, but because it encourages habits of neatness, order and keen observation.

You can help your child in his collecting by sending for our ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, “The Standard Guide to Stamp Collecting.” It is Free to any parent.

SCOTT STAMP AND COIN CO.
1 West 47th Street, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Our Booklet, How to Collect Stamps, and 1,000 all different fine stamp for \$1.00, 1928 Price List Free on request.

THE HOFFMAN STAMP CO., INC.
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THIS CLASS PIN 30c.
If you buy 12 or more. Silver plate. Singly 40c ea. choice of 3 colors enamel, 3 letters & date. Sterling Silver, 12 or more 50c ea. Singly 60c ea. Big Free Cat. shows Emblems \$10 to \$25 ea.
685 METAL ARTS CO., Inc., 877 Portland Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

2 TOYS For 2 CHILDREN \$7.50
For the Price of One
Delivered anywhere for only Delivered

TEETER-ROUND—8 feet omnibination Merry-Go-Round and Teeter. Extra strong; will hold 400 lbs. Built on principle of a bridge. Will last years with hardest use. Keep children safe and happy in yard at home. Order to-day—no transportation charges to pay. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY or money refunded.
ROBT. W. JAMISON MFG. CO., Dept. 8
4500 So. Figueroa St. Los Angeles, Calif.



Fun for HALLOWE'EN!

Here's some real fun for your Hallowe'en Party! New plans full of ghosts and goblins, spooks and specters—enough high jinks to surprise all your friends. Ideas for invitations, decorations, games, stunts, prizes, everything. Just send the coupon below.

Complete Plans FREE!

And remember that for Hallowe'en or any other kind of party, whether it's for your home, club, or school, you can get everything you need to make it a big success at your local stationery, department or drug store where Dennison party goods are sold. Crepe paper, decorations, place cards, novelties, the Dennison book of Crepe Paper Costumes and the latest issue of the Party Magazine.

But send now for the special plans for your Hallowe'en Party. They are free! And why not the Hallowe'en, Harvest and Thanksgiving Number of the Party Magazine at the same time—it's only 20c.

DENNISON'S, Dept. 124-X
Framingham, Mass.

Please send free, the plans for a Hallowe'en Party

Name

Street or R.F.D.

City State

If you want the Party Magazine (Hallowe'en Number) enclose 20c and check here....

Why not let us include some of these famous Dennison books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.

..... Crepe Paper Costumes Crepe Paper Flowers
..... Table Decorations Lamp Shades Rope Weaving
..... Decorating Halls and Booths Sealing Wax Craft
..... Complete Home Course in Crepe Paper Flower Making (\$2)



WHY CHILDREN LIKE The Master Spelling Board



The kiddies who have not yet arrived at school age find in this board a plaything which interests them at all times. They quickly associate the letters and words; they learn the figures in their natural order. Older children's minds are stabilized in the matter of words and figures.

Two small and one capital letter sets on one side; numerals and counting set on other. Diameter, 14 1/2 inches; solid fiber; no metal edge. Ask your dealer, or send \$2.00. We will ship postpaid.

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Ask for Century Sheet Music

SAY "CENTURY" and get the best Certified Music. It's 15c (20c in Canada). Most teachers use it. Parents appreciate the saving and the pupil gets the best. Get free catalog of 2500 selections at your dealers, or write us.

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SECOND WILD ANIMAL CONTEST

WE KNOW that every one of you boys and girls will want to enter the second Wild Animal Contest which David Newell, the well-known artist-naturalist, is conducting for the readers of CHILD LIFE and which began in the August issue. For the first prize there will be a Vest Pocket Hawk-Eye Camera (made by Eastman Kodak Company) and an autographed copy of Mr. Newell's interesting book, "Cougars and Cowboys." The second prize will be an autographed copy of "Cougars and Cowboys," with a cartoon of the winner's favorite animal on the flyleaf. In addition, there will be honorable mention in the magazine for the next best contest papers.

Turn to page 610, and you will find a picture and a story about "Raccoon." In the August issue there was a story and picture of "Grey Fox"; in the September issue you read about "Opossum"; and in each issue for the three months after this, you will find a picture of an animal enjoying one of its favorite foods and a story about the animal. There will be other foods mentioned, too, and occasionally a question will be asked. Each time, when you receive your magazine, make a list of the foods eaten by the animal whose picture you see. Also answer any questions that you find in the text, and if you know of any food that one of these animals likes, and that you don't find listed, be sure to put it on *your* list.

When the contest is concluded, send these lists, together with a letter of not over two hundred words about your favorite animal, to David Newell, care CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois, before January 12, 1929. The prizes will be awarded for the best lists, answers and letters. You do not have to buy CHILD LIFE in order to enter the contest. Copies may be read at our office or at nearly all public libraries.

THE SONG OF THE BIRD

Away, away to the hilltops,
Where the tiny violets grow,
Then to cool myself in the brooklet
That runs in the valley below.

Away, away, to the country road,
Where the children their ponies ride,
Then off and away to the river
That winds down the mountain side.

Away, away, to the blue, blue sky,
Till the earth I can no longer see—
There I will build my nest in a cloud,
And thank *Him* for the wings *He* gave me!

JEAN ROUVEROL,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Age 11.

MY CAVE

I dug a little cave
And it's right in our back yard.
Lots of wood we have to save
And all the stuff to guard.

The roof is made of canvas and board,
We have leaves and a rug for the floor.
Canvas and wood is what we have stored.
And a flash light I bought from the store.

ALLEN W. BRUNSON,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Age 9.

Make \$80 a Week with Amazing New Educational Invention

Simply show this new invention to parents and clear \$40 to \$60 a week spare time—\$80 to \$120 a week full time. Nothing else like Playbox. Every home a prospect. Big profit on every order, plus Extra Cash Bonus. Playbox is guaranteed to advance any child regardless of age or sex. Develops admirable manners and habits. Makes parents proud of children. Endorsed by leading educators. Every child wants one. Parents eager to buy. Not sold in stores. Thus no competition. Easy, pleasant work, and big, steady profits every week.

\$538 EXTRA PROFIT IN ONE MONTH

One representative earned extra cash bonus of \$538 in 1 month, over and above regular weekly profits. Another's bonus for 1 month was \$500. Connelly, Pa., sells 4 out of 10 prospects. McKean reports 5 sales in half a day—net profit \$20. Now I need men and women in every locality to help me introduce Playbox and share in these profits. No experience necessary. I tell you what to do. You risk nothing. Start in spare time. Those who make good get chance to secure State Rights with profit possibilities up to \$10,000 a year.

COMPLETE OUTFIT SEND NO MONEY FREE!

Mail coupon for facts about my liberal Profit Sharing Plan and Extra Cash Bonus Plan. Exclusive territory. Get a Playbox and Complete Selling Outfit without a penny's cost. Don't miss this opportunity. It means money. If \$80 to \$120 a week looks good to you, write me at once for full details. No cost or obligation in getting the facts. Rush coupon now—to

THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION

J. L. Rector, Secy., Pleasant Hill, O.

Dept. 3810-PS

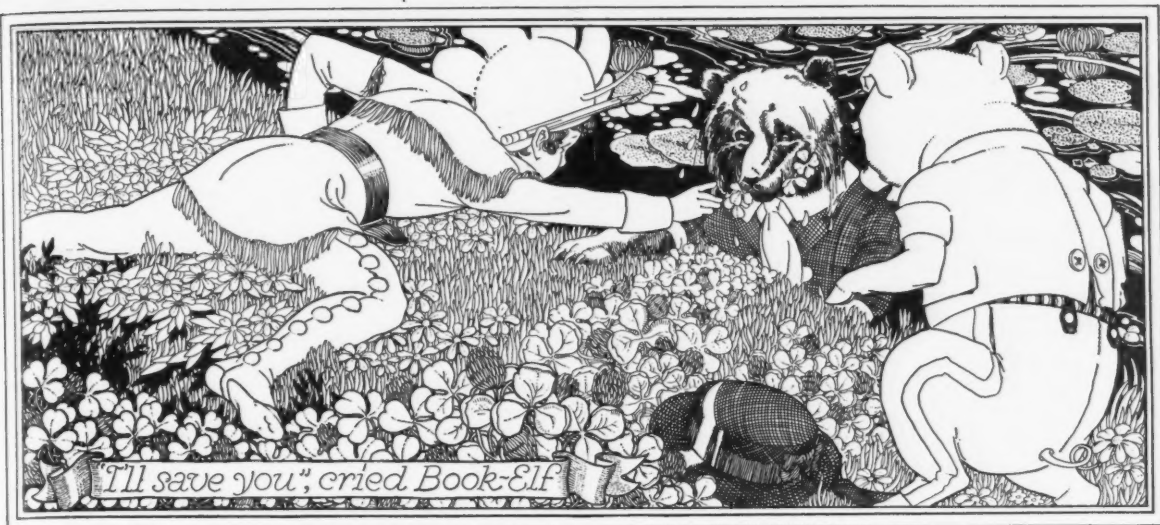
TEAR OUT-MAIL NOW

J. L. Rector, Secy., The Parents Ass'n.,
Dept. 3810-PS, Pleasant Hill, O.

Without cost or obligation to me, rush full details of your \$80 to \$120 a week proposition. Profit-Sharing and Extra Cash Bonus Plan, Free Selling Outfit and Free Playbox Offer.

Name

Address



Little Bear Falls in the Brook

BOOK-ELF had just left **NANCY DAVENPORT** and the Raggedy Animals from the **RAGGEDY ANIMAL BOOK**, and was on his way to the brook for a drink. He had not walked far when he heard voices near him.

"Oh! dear, Oh! dear," said one, "I just know I shall not find any."

"Patience, Little Bear" said the other voice. "You know they are very hard to find and we have only been looking a little while."

Book-Elf looked to see who was talking. There, walking toward him, was a little brown bear and a little pig. They were walking slowly, their heads very close to the ground, looking through the grass as if they had lost something.

"Pardon me," said Book-Elf, "but have you lost something?"

The little bear and the little pig jumped.

"Goodness me!" exclaimed the little bear. "You frightened me. Thank you, no, we haven't lost anything. But we *are* looking for something."

"Yes," said the little pig, "You see, I'm Chops, **THE LITTLE PIG WHO ATE A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER**.



There is a new book written about me. Four-leaf clovers bring good luck, and when I had eaten one I worked hard and became a movie star."

"And I," said the little bear "am Little Bear. There are lots of books about me. **LITTLE BEAR'S**

INS AND OUTS is the latest one. Chops said he would help me find a four-leaf clover so I could become a movie star too."

Book-Elf bowed to them.

"I'm Book-Elf," he said, "I've read about both of you. Come, I'll help you look for a four-leaf clover."

So all three of them put their heads close to the grass and went on looking.

"I've found one," cried Little Bear, "it's way over"

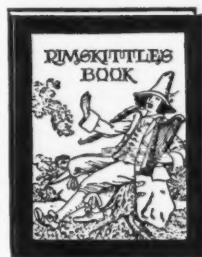
Splash! Little Bear had fallen in the brook.

"I'll save you," Book-Elf cried as he ran to the bank. But Little Bear was scrambling out of the water alone, a four-leaf clover in his mouth. When he had eaten it he grinned.

"Well, I found the four-leaf clover, but now I must run home and change my clothes. Thank you both, very much."

And off he ran, happy and and wet.

(To be continued)



RIMSKITTLE'S BOOK

By Leroy Jackson

Rimskittle's Book is one of those big, flat books with bright pictures on every page. It's just full of jolly nonsense rimes that are lively, modern, and witty. They were written by a big soldier-teacher for his children, but now all children love them. They are illustrated by Ruth Eger. \$2.00

And here are eight other big books with lots of pictures, at the same price:

The Real Story Book
On the Road to Make-Believe
Once Upon a Time
The Peter Pater Book
The Real Mother Goose

Aesop for Children
Illustrated Bible Story Book
(New Testament)
Illustrated Bible Story Book
(Old Testament)



LITTLE BEAR'S INS AND OUTS

By Frances Margaret Fox

Everybody thought that Little Bear had got in all the scrapes *one* little bear could think of. But no—here he is in another book, in and out of a dozen scrapes, more exciting and funnier than ever. Frances Beem has drawn lots of pictures of him, too. \$0.50



THE LITTLE PIG WHO ATE A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

By Barbara Fairbairn

Chops is a very modern little pig. He ate a four-leaf clover just for luck, and then worked real hard until he became the *first* little pig to be a movie star. His story is illustrated in color by the author.

\$1.00

Book-Elf, Rand McNally's Bookshelf Dept. M-11
536 South Clark Street, Chicago

Dear Book-Elf:

☐ I want to know more about the people and animals in Storyland. Please send me postpaid a copy of your booklet, "Books for Boys and Girls and Guide for Selection."

☐ Help me to select books for the boys and girls whose names and ages I am sending herewith.

Name

Street

City and State



**Timothy Charles would never, never
Eat everything that he should;
He cried that he didn't like vegetables,
Not even if they *were* good!**

**Timothy Charles is a good boy now
And eats like a little lord,
For when he's finished his vegetables
There's a Baby Ruth as reward.**

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO
OTTO Y. SCHNERING, President



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Is every meal a battle? Are you all worn out trying to make that adorably determined youngster of yours eat the things he should? There is an easier way than scolding; reward good behavior at meals with a Baby Ruth.

Children love it and it's so good for them. Made from imported chocolate, golden crisp nuts, fresh milk and refined cane sugar—foods richest in the high quality proteins that build healthy tissue. Famous food authorities unqualifiedly endorse Baby Ruth for children. Always pure and fresh. Sold everywhere.

